pacific western productions, inc.

VIRUS

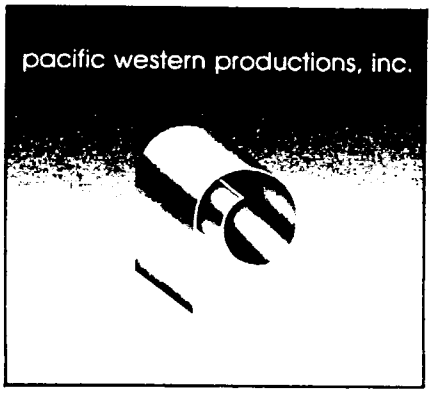
Screenplay by

RICHARD JEFFERIES

Based on the comic book by

CHUCK PFARRER

draft 05.02.95

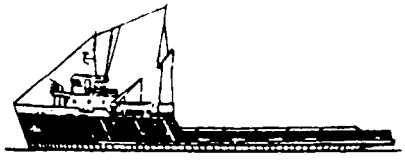


CREW of the "ELECTRA"

EARL POWELL
Captain

- **SVENSON**, Cook
  - **C.J. MALLONE**, Stewardess
- **SEAN AVERIL**, Chief Engineer
  - **EARNESTO GUITERREZ**, Second Engineer
- **CRANDLE**, First Officer
  - **HOOKER**, Helmsman
    - **APIA**, 2nd shift Helmsman
- **"RUSH" RUSHINKI**, Deck Hand
  - **RITCHIE**, Deck Hand
- **BARBARA FOSTER**, Radio-Electronics Engineer

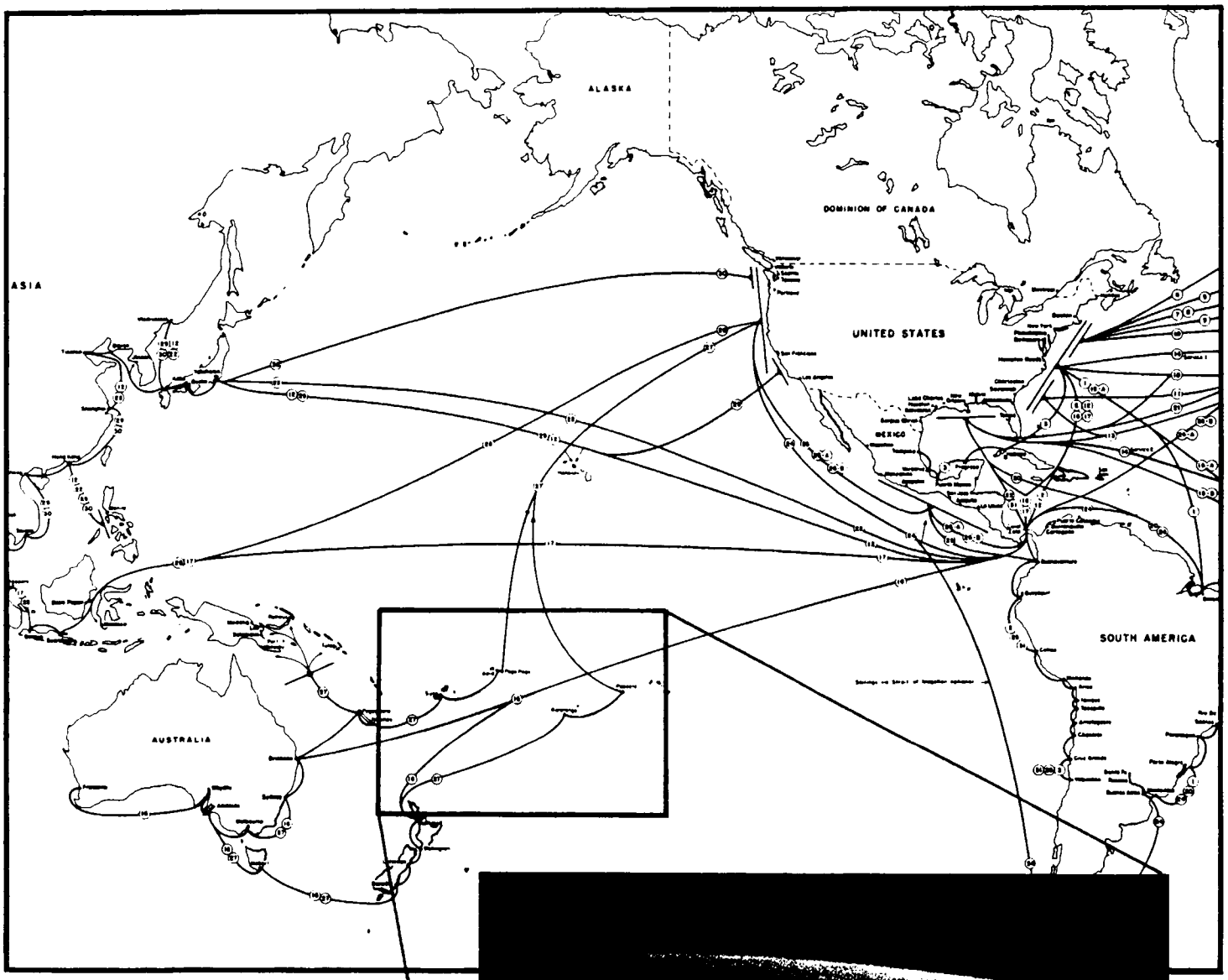
"ELECTRA" 177 ft. 6 in.

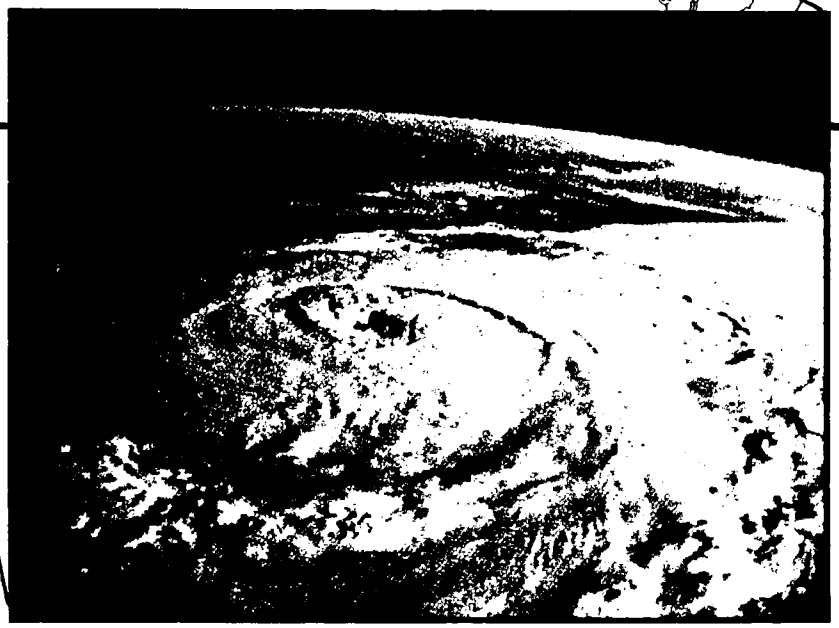


"WAN XUAN III" 623 ft. 2 in.

V i R U S

The MID SOUTH PACIFIC





The STORM

V I R U S

1 EXT. TYPHOON AT SEA - NIGHT.

Southeast of nowhere. Lightning claps over raging seas. Hundred knot gusts rip spray off mountainous waves.

A long way from help or mercy.

Thru the torrent comes a desperate twinkle of red and green: A stout OCEAN-GOING TUGBOAT, rusty and battered.

The ELECTRA.

Climbs a wave, trailing three hundred yards of tow cable. At the other end: A HULKING CARGO BARGE, packed with steel containers, listing heavily.

2 INT. ELECTRA WHEEL HOUSE - STORMY NIGHT.

A dented cassette player is duct-taped overhead, booming stomp-rock. Enthroned in the Captain's chair is EARL POWELL, a rheumy-eyed Cajun who regards the sea as his equal.

At the wheel, a blustery Afrikaner -- HOOKER -- chews Red Man, spits in a mug. CRANDLE, the ferret-like First Mate, keeps his nose buried in sea charts.

A young lady wavers up stairs with a coffee pot. Proudly buxom in a black T-shirt and leather jacket, everything about C.J. MALLONE says tough: Spiked white hair, dark make-up, skull-&-snake jewelry. But this storm's got her spooked.

C.J.
Weather sucks, Captain.

From her jacket pops the head of a bug-eyed hairless CHIHUAHUA. POWELL fondles the quivering runt, as C.J. refills his mug.

CAPT POWELL
Relax. I've been with women
that kick harder than this.

His horny glint eases her fears. She opens a flask, laces his coffee with bourbon, takes a guzzle for herself.

3 INT. GALLEY - STORMY NIGHT.

Down narrow stairs, four CREW MEN gamble in a cramped galley: A pony-tailed Norwegian cook, SVENSON; an eyebrow ringed grunge-kid with Pearl Jam blasting headphones, RUSH; a stalwart Afro/Hawaiian sea veteran sucking a toothpick, APIA.

They've got a clock marked with grease-pencil -- like a low-rent Vegas table -- each third claimed by one of their names. They ante cash, eagerly observing:

RITCHIE, a greenhorn deck hand, who clings to a barf bucket, ready to heave. The clock sweeps into "APIA" territory.

APIA
Let it fly, Ritchie. NOW.

RUSH
Dry heave, dude.

APIA
He's drooling. Look.

SVENSON
No spray, no pay.

RITCHIE
Nobody told me this part! Six bucks an hour, see the world, what did I know?? Somebody shoot me!

He clutches his gut, throat gurgling.

RUSH & SVENSON
Hold off, Dude-- Swallow it-- Wait til I say spew.

Clock sweeps to "SVENSON". SVENSON sneaks a platter of rotten chicken entrails into RITCHIE'S view. RITCHIE HEAVES the MOTHERLODE.

SVENSON goes for the cash, but APIA stabs it with a knife, rising with killer eyes.

APIA
Cheat me again, Svenson, it'll be your guts on the floor making him puke.

At this, RITCHIE does an encore. RUSH double-takes on the clock: The second hand sweeps past his name.

RUSH
Cool! That one's mine!

4 ELECTRA - RADIO/ELECTRONICS ROOM:

Communications gear lunges against straps. Atop a wobbling radar monitor, a small Saint Christopher peers down upon:

BARBARA FOSTER, the radio-electronics officer, toiling in the cramped high-tech cubicle. Smart woman in a rough man's world, she keeps her femininity understated: Short hair, minimal make-up. Like armor, she's clad in a UTILITY VEST and headphones. Her gloves have the fingertips cut off, to better feel computer keys.

She peers out a small aft window, troubled by the nightmare of vertical water. Checking radar imagery, she pecks computer commands. A weather fax buzzes up.

FOSTER touches a finger to Saint Christopher's head, grabs the fax and makes way for the wheel-house.

5 ELECTRA - WHEEL-HOUSE:

CAPTAIN POWELL flirts with C.J., stroking the CHIHUAHUA, which now clings to his lap.

C.J.
Good Precious, that's a good little doggy...

FOSTER
Captain Powell, barometer's still dropping. Gusts register a hundred knots.

C.J. groans. FOSTER hands POWELL the weather report. He glances over it, clips it to a sheaf of similar reports.

CAPT POWELL
Miss Foster, I don't need a weather report every ten minutes. Why don't you go ahead and tell me what's really on your mind?

His alcoholic gaze lingers upon her: Half fatherly forbearance, half sexual leer.

FOSTER
Sir. We don't have to cross the center of the storm. We can alter our course twenty degrees South and--

POWELL chuckles to CRANDLE and HOOKER: "Women". C.J. scowls: "Uppity bitch."

CAPT POWELL
And lose a day and half? Time is money, Miss Foster. This ain't the Navy.

FOSTER
We'd only lose two hours on a great circle traverse, I ran the numbers.

CRANDLE takes offense, diddling with his charts.

CRANDLE
That's utter horse pucky.

POWELL comes to his feet, dumping the CHIHUAHUA. Looms a head taller than FOSTER, dark eyes upon her.

He smiles.

CAPT POWELL
Takes more than brains to run cargo at a profit, Miss Foster. Takes balls. Now, seeing how this is your first trip with us, allow me to demonstrate.

6 INT. ELECTRA ENGINE ROOM - STORMY NIGHT.

Each pitch of the ship is magnified in this hot, claustrophobic maze of grease-blackened machinery. Captain's bells RING. A gauge rises to indicate: FULL THROTTLE.

Stripped to the waist: The Chief Engineer -- SEAN AVERIL -- lays into a huge monkey wrench, cinching a patch on the ship's leaky hull. Helping is GUITERREZ, a squat Guatemalan in backward Dodger cap and tank-top.

SEAN
Full ahead? What's he smoking?

GUITERREZ
Any faster, that barge's gonna pull us apart like a piece of chicken.

WAVE CRASHES ABOVE, showering brine thru rusty bent hatches. SEAN grabs a rain slicker, crabs up a ladder.

SEAN
Maintain "Ahead One Third". Don't give it more. I'll see what's up his ass.

7 EXT. ELECTRA DECK - STORMY NIGHT:

SEAN emerges, shielding his eyes against the spray. He registers alarm: The BARGE cable SNAPS TIGHT, stern-mounted WINCH raises:

A CRACK in the rusty deck.

8 INT. ELECTRA - WHEEL-HOUSE - STORMY NIGHT.

FOSTER steadies against the violent pitch, struck silent: Her efforts to make the situation better are swiftly making it worse.

CAPT POWELL
A hundred and eighty-seven voyages under this belt, Miss Foster. A little ol' typhoon never stopped Earl Powell.
(on intercom)
Full throttle Mr. Averil!

Door flies open, storm howls in. CHIHUAHUA yaps at a yellow rain-slicked apparition: SEAN.

CAPT POWELL
Sean Boy, what are you doing up here? Get down there and answer my bells!

SEAN
I wouldn't tempt that barge right now, Boss.

FOSTER
Why? What's wrong?

CAPT POWELL
(to FOSTER)
You. Stow it.
(to C.J.)
You. Get that dog outta here.

CAPTAIN POWELL curls a beefy arm around SEAN, pulling him aside. They've been in tight spots plenty before.

CAPT POWELL
How bad?

SEAN
Deck's giving out around the winch.

CAPT POWELL
Rusty piece of shit.
(swigs flask)
Will it hold the night?

SEAN
In this weather? It could pull us in two.

POWELL turns to see FOSTER listening. Any other time, she might say "I told you so." POWELL touches the sheaf of weather reports, then flings them at the yapping CHIHUAHUA.

CAPT POWELL
Shut that dog up before I shoot it!

BIG WAVE SLAMS the boat, rocking everybody.

9 EXT. SEA / LISTING BARGE - STORMY NIGHT.

Cargo containers twist, doors burst. Thousands of NIKES, TOY DINOSAURS and MICROWAVE OVENS spill in the sea. Other end of the cable: ELECTRA bobs like a rat on a leash.

10 EXT. ELECTRA STERN DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

CABLE slackens-- SLITHERING METAL SNAKE-- Loops AROUND the winch-- WHIPS TIGHT-- WINCH STRAINS--

Deck CRACK WIDENS--

11 INT. ELECTRA WHEEL-HOUSE - STORMY NIGHT.

FOSTER stiffens at the SCRAWWW of tearing metal. SEAN and POWELL grapple to a window, sight the fouled winch.

CAPT POWELL
Cut it loose, Sean! Get down there and cut that god-damn barge away!

SEAN scrambles out-- CRANDLE panics, passes out life vests-- HOOKER clutches bucking wheel-- C.J. goes wide-eyed hysterical, chasing the CHIHUAHUA down the galley.

CAPT POWELL
All hands to your damn stations! Move!

12 INT/EXT. RADIO ROOM/VIEW OUT WINDOW - STORMY NIGHT.

FOSTER races to her cubicle, types an emergency transmission: "REQUEST FOR HIGH SEAS RESCUE" She poises a finger over the "TRANSMIT" key, praying she won't have to push it.

13 EXT. REAR DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

Whipped by the storm, GUITERREZ pokes out of the engine room with a pneumatic METAL SAW, hands it to SEAN, plays out air hose.

Slammed by a WAVE, SEAN struggles to the FOULED WINCH.

TOW CABLE goes slack again, coils under froth. SEAN tumbles, grips the saw's air hose.

Froth clears, revealing: The cable, LOOPED around SEAN'S waist. He pulls clear just as: SNAP! A hundred tons of force WHIPS the cable TIGHT again.

SEAN gets to the WINCH, drops his spinning blade to the cable. SPARKS FLY, steel sinews PING and POP.

14 INT/EXT. RADIO ROOM/VIEW OUT WINDOW - STORMY NIGHT.

FOSTER'S finger quivers on the "TRANSMIT" key. She wipes fog off window, horrified: The BARGE bucks high, dragging ELECTRA'S stern under. The tiny figure of SEAN remains miraculously planted at the winch, saw sparking the cable.

15 INT. GALLEY - STORMY NIGHT.

APIA, RUSH, SVENSON crowd a window, laying odds on whether they'll sink. C.J. pops Valium. CHIHUAHUA cowers in a supply cabinet.

16 EXT. STERN DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

SEAN jumps clear as CABLE SEVERS-- Frazzled end WHIP-SAWS the air, inches from his neck.

Relieved of its burden, the ELECTRA immediately stabilizes. SEAN checks the deck crack, which eases shut. He signals "all clear".

17 INT. RADIO ROOM - STORMY NIGHT.

FOSTER moves her finger off the "TRANSMIT" key and hits "DELETE". Blows a tiny kiss to Saint Christopher.

18 INT. WHEEL-HOUSE - STORMY NIGHT.

CAPTAIN POWELL remains troubled, as the barge full of cargo slips away in the storm. He crosses the helm, brooding. He picks weather reports off the floor.

CAPT POWELL
Mister Crandle. Entry in your logbook. 22:07 hours. Captain was forced to jettison cargo barge to preserve the lives of Electra crew. Captain was unaware of typhoon conditions, owing to the failure of the new Radio Electronics Officer, Miss Barbara Foster, to provide timely weather data.

He tucks the weather reports in his coat. CRANDLE and HOOKER trade old-boy network grins. With relish, CRANDLE makes the entry.

CRANDLE
Aye aye, Captain.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. THE SEA - NEXT MORNING.

Seas slow and dull. Eye of the storm. Gloomy clouds brew in all directions, sun beams sickly orange from above. It's a troubled place, deceptively calm.

ELECTRA chugs into view. At the bridge, CAPTAIN POWELL scans with binoculars with C.J. and CRANDLE.

Mid-deck, APIA plays hackie-sack. RITCHIE slumps on a step, pallid, clutching his life jacket. RUSH munches Cocoa Puffs from a box, headphones pumping Nirvana.

APIA
We ain't gonna find that barge. It's a mile down.

RUSH
Eels are scouting apartments in that thing. Crabs are moving in furniture.

Atop the wheel-house, FOSTER repairs a radar antenna, keeping an eye on:

SEAN, as he welds the cracked stern deck. He wipes sweat, climbs to the galley with a coffee cup.

FOSTER comes down a ladder, steps in his path.

FOSTER
Sean... I wanted to say thanks. You went beyond the call of duty. You saved everyone's life.

SEAN shrugs it off, trying to get past her.

SEAN
I wasn't out to save anybody's life, just taking orders.

He is stopped by FOSTER'S intent stare. Her clear-eyed intelligence sticks out like a sore thumb on this boat.

SEAN
Lady, there's no heroes on this vessel. Now 'scuse me, I need some joe.

FOSTER
None of it had to happen, Sean. I warned the Captain for three hours about the storm. You know that, don't you?

SEAN hardens.

SEAN
Captain made a tough call. That's his job. In the long haul, he'll save your ass more than gamble it.

FOSTER
I'm impressed by your loyalty... But if we don't find the barge, he's going to pin the incident on me. In the long haul I'll lose my radio license, never get on another ship... You know it wasn't my fault--

SEAN
Hey, I'm a grease monkey, I don't know anything--

FOSTER
You saw my weather reports in his hand. If nobody else backs me up, will you?

SEAN lights a cigarette. Gazes at the bridge.

SEAN
You ever gone up against a Captain before?

FOSTER
Once. In the Navy.

SEAN
How'd you do?

FOSTER is silent. Obviously she didn't do well: She's stuck on this lowlife boat.

SEAN
If it was me, I'd get that radar cranking and find the barge.

20 INT. RADIO ROOM - GRAY MORNING.

Radar screen washes with storm interference. FOSTER toils, bringing advanced skills to the task. Finessing image enhancement software, she peels away layers of noise. Screen reveals a blip at the edge. FOSTER brightens. More computer jockeying: Blip strengthens. She keys headset mic:

FOSTER
Captain Powell. I've got a fix on it.

21 EXT. OCEAN - GRAY MORNING.

ELECTRA plows over dark seas, in a new direction. Onboard, CREW gravitates to the rail, gaping at something off the bow.

22 INT. RADIO ROOM - GRAY MORNING.

Blip nears center screen. CREW VOICES rumble outside. FOSTER pulls off her headphones, goes out for a look.

23 EXT. ELECTRA DECK - GRAY MORNING.

FOSTER clears a corner, sees what the CREW sees. A HUGE CRAFT directly ahead.

RITCHIE
(duh...)
Hey, that's not the barge!

It's a SHIP, four times bigger than the ELECTRA, dead in the water, anchors down. Sleek high-tech white, covered with SATELLITE DISHES and ANTENNAE TOWERS. On the bow, Chinese Characters have English below: "WAN XUAN III, SHANGHAI".

SVENSON
Chinese.

It appears to be UTTERLY ABANDONED. And struck by low orange light, set against booming thunderheads, it's creepy as hell.

RITCHIE
Let's get the hell outta here!

But POWELL eyes the ship keenly, raising a bull-horn:

CAPT POWELL
Ahoy! The bridge? Anybody aboard?!

Silence. No sign of life. Snapping flags. Groaning steel.

24 INT. ELECTRA WHEEL-HOUSE - GRAY MORNING.

FOSTER works the marine radio, gazing across at the WAN XUAN.

FOSTER
...Wan Xuan Three, copy. Wan Xuan, do you read?

She keeps trying, but gets zero response. POWELL studies a page of Jayne's "Guide to Military Ships": Under "RESEARCH SHIPS" there's a fuzzy photo of the WAN XUAN. The caption reads "DESIGN MISSION: SPACE EVENT MONITORING"

POWELL opens his wallet, unfolds a matted paper with a "Central Intelligence Agency" heading. It's a list of foreign ships. POWELL finds "WAN XUAN III" among the entries, and is shocked by something he reads. With a glaze of astonishment, he turns to the gathered CREW.

CAPT POWELL
Never mind the barge, Miss Foster, you found us something better.

He notes on a navigation chart, a nearby island: "PAGO PAGO."

CAPT POWELL
Mr. Hooker, if we get that ship's anchors up, is there any reason we can't tow it to Pago Pago?

HOOKER
Bloody cinch, Captain.

C.J.
Why do <u>we</u> have to tow it? Let the Chinese call Triple-A.

CRANDLE
If there are no survivors on board, it's a derelict vessel. We can claim it for salvage. It's the Law of the Sea.

APIA
Claim it?? Chinese Navy's gotta be on high alert looking for that thing!

CAPT POWELL
Pago Pago's right around the corner. Storm's coming up again, give us some good cover.

Nervous looks among CREW. FOSTER stays at the window with binoculars, surveying the ghostly abandoned Wan Xuan.

GUITERREZ
That ship's haunted, man. I say we don't mess with it.

APIA
I'm with Guiterrez. Something spells trouble.

RUSH
I got a tattoo on my ass spells Trouble. I say we check it out.

RITCHIE
What if it's a trap?! The Chinese could take us prisoner, torture us!! They use electric wires on your genitals, you know!

C.J.
Don't knock it 'til you've tried it, Ritchie.

SVENSON
Whoever's faint-hearted, stand back and forfeit your share--

APIA
Share of <u>what</u>? How much scrap iron we talkin' about--

Voices overlap, descend into a shouting match. BAM! SEAN'S fist slams a counter, bringing silence.

SEAN
<u>Listen to the Captain</u>.

CAPT POWELL
Ladies and gentlemen, forget scrap iron. Forget the lottery, forget Santa Claus, forget working another day in your miserable lives. Your ship has come in, and it's sitting right in front of you. The "Wan Xuan III" is a top secret vessel of the Chinese Imperial Navy.
(holds up list)
The CIA's got a bounty on it. I got me an old buddy with the CIA stationed at Pago Pago. We shake a leg and haul this ship over to him before the Chinese find it, he'll pay cash greenies.

SVENSON
How many greenies?

CAPT POWELL
Hundred million.

Stunned silence. Everything changes.

RITCHIE
A hundred million dollars??

Everybody grabs at the list, confirming the number.

C.J.
It's like we found some armored car wrecked on the highway, doors broke open, drivers dead. There's nobody around, no cops, money just laying there waiting for us.

HOOKER
It's the motherlode.

RUSH
We won the lottery.

SVENSON
(to POWELL)
A hundred million split up how?

CAPT POWELL
(mulls it...)
I keep half. The other half, divied equal among the ten of you.

C.J. cozies up to CAPTAIN POWELL. Everybody else does mental math, coming giddy.

RITCHIE
That's five thousand dollars apiece!

SVENSON
<u>Five million</u>.

Jaws drop. It's like a dream. Some giggle, some gawk.

RITCHIE
And to think, six weeks ago I had nothing to live for. I sneezed on a griddle full of double-chubby-burgers, got fired, blew my shot at assistant manager. And now...

SVENSON
(pulls off apron)
Screw cooking. I hate cooking. I've fixed my last meal for you pricks.

APIA
Thank God.

FOSTER alone keeps a level head, gazing at the eerie WAN XUAN.

FOSTER
There could be survivors onboard. A single survivor means it's not derelict. We couldn't claim it.

CREW shares a fleeting concern, shrugs off her wet blanket.

CAPT POWELL
Double time! All hands prepare to board!

SEAN opens a locker, grabs out shotguns and walkie-talkies.

25 EXT. WAN XUAN/ELECTRA - GRAY DAY.

Satellite dishes. Empty life-boat davits. Thirty feet down the port gunwale: The ELECTRA is nosed to a rope ladder.

SEAN leads a boarding expedition. APIA, RUSH, SVENSON and C.J. fan out cautiously onboard, sweeping SHOTGUNS. The spotless white deck stretches two football fields long. Hatches sway, flags snap in the wind.

There's not a single sign of life.

FOSTER climbs aboard, glancing uneasily. Clutching her Saint Christopher inside her utility vest, she gazes up at the ship's massive satellite dishes and antenna towers, as dark clouds gather above.

SEAN
Foster. It's loaded.

He offers her a shotgun, but she declines. She's scared. She wants no part of this.

SEAN
Don't do anything stupid. Follow the Captain's orders, you'll be fine.

RITCHIE comes over the rail, shaking in his shoes. Nobody's fool enough to give him a gun: He clutches a dull steak knife. Scans the empty ship.

RITCHIE
Where'd everybody go?

APIA
Got tired of Chinese food. Jumped.

RUSH
I couldn't eat Chinese every day.

SEAN
Lifeboats are gone, power's down.

C.J.
Maybe the Captain went schizo, kicked his crew off, then got lonely and blew his brains out.

APIA
Hey, for five million bucks, who cares where they went. Long as they ain't coming back.

RITCHIE
What if somebody's using this ship for bombing practice? Getting ready to drop bombs on it?

Everybody looks at the sky. Hmmm.

SEAN
Nobody'd blow up a brand new ship.

CAPTAIN POWELL boards last, shotgun forward, beady eyes darting over the find of a lifetime.

CAPT POWELL
Ahoy, the bridge! Anyone on this vessel?!

No response. Good. He splits a grizzly grin, signaling down to the ELECTRA, where HOOKER, GUITERREZ and the CHIHUAHUA remain. They acknowledge, moving to reposition the smaller craft.

CAPT POWELL
Mr. Crandle! Arrange the tow line straight away!

CRANDLE salutes, hustling APIA for the Wan Xuan bow.

POWELL buddies up to SEAN, can't resist spinning a Saturday-night Cajun jig.

CAPT POWELL
Sean Boy. When I signed your ass out of Folsam, threw you in my engine room, you ever think we'd come this far?

SEAN
Hell no. I was planning to jump ship after two weeks.

CAPT POWELL
Of course you were. But my charm was impossible to resist. Now aren't you glad? Now we get to grow old together, tell stories 'bout how we split up a hundred million big ones.

They chuckle and hoot.

FOSTER
(aside, to C.J.)
What was Sean in prison for?

C.J.
(matter-of-fact)
Murder.

FOSTER swallows hard.

CAPTAIN POWELL leans over the side, points out WAN XUAN'S twin anchor chains, hanging into the water.

CAPT POWELL
Alright, let's MOVE IT. Can't get underway til them anchors are up. Sean, get me electric power to them winches on the double! Rest of you spread out, you find anybody alive, bring 'em to ME. Miss Foster, step lively, this way!

With great trepidation, FOSTER hurries to follow POWELL and C.J. to the massive bridge.

26 EXT. SEA - ELECTRA / WAN XUAN - GRAY DAY.

HOOKER helms the ELECTRA, jawing a plug of tobacco. CHIHUAHUA sits in the captain's chair, licking HOOKER'S spit mug.

On deck, GUITERREZ uses a special rifle, shoots a rope up to WAN XUAN'S high bow. APIA snags the rope, uses it to hoist up ELECTRA'S tow cable.

27 INT. WAN XUAN STAIRWAY/LOWER DECKS - DARK.

Flashlights sweep over immaculate tech-white walls. SEAN, RUSH and SVENSON hustle down a metal stairway, shotguns and flashlights sweeping. RITCHIE brings up the rear, jumpy, steak knife ready.

SEAN
Look for the engine room.

They pass endless white computerized controls and gauges, all dark. Tiny surveillance cameras droop from the ceiling.

RUSH
Way past high-tech. No wonder this ship's worth a wad.

SEAN finds an "ENGINE" icon with arrow. Follows it to a bulkhead door. Tugs, but it's stuck.

SEAN
Gimme a hand.

With a heave, they PULL. DOOR CLUNKS open. They sniff, shining lights into a creepy dark technical maintenance area.

SEAN
Smells like ammonia...

SVENSON
...And dead bodies.

RUSH
(hums "Love Boat")
"Come on board, we're expecting you..."

They step in, guns up. Amid ladders, pipes and computer repair benches, it's as if labor ceased mid-stroke.

RITCHIE hesitates at the bulkhead, teeth chattering.

SEAN
Five million, Ritchie. You in or out?

RITCHIE gulps, follows SEAN past another "ENGINE" icon. SVENSON and RUSH veer to snag cigarette packs, candy bars and other loot, splitting off into a galley area.

28 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - GRAY DAY.

POWELL enters, shotgun up. FOSTER and C.J. move into:

The ship's ultra-tech nerve center, dead as a doornail. Computer paper twists in the wind. A cigarette lies smokeless on a computer keyboard, ash burned to the filter.

CAPT POWELL
Miss Foster, this looks right up your alley. Earn your five million dollars and locate the anchor hoist control.

FOSTER moves reluctantly thru high-tech work stations. Everything's labeled in Chinese, with picture-icons.

SEAN (O.S.)
(on walkie)
Captain... Smells like dead bodies down here, but I don't see any.

POWELL keys his walkie.

CAPT POWELL
Nobody alive down there?

SEAN (O.S.)
No. Don't see how there could be. Smells like ammonia everywhere.

CAPT POWELL
Industrial accident on the high seas. Perfect.

FOSTER
Refrigeration compressors would use ammonia... There could have been a leak... But a ship this size would have air toxicity alarms--

POWELL and C.J. frankly don't give a damn.

C.J.
Finders Keepers.

CAPT POWELL
(keys walkie)
Carry on, Sean. Get me electricity up here.

29 INT. WAN XUAN ENGINE ROOM / MACHINE SHOP - DARK.

Clanging steel. A door groans open.

SEAN and RITCHIE descend into darkness, passing: Two HUGE ENGINES, ringed by catwalks and computer controls. Everything immaculate tech-white.

RITCHIE
M-Mr. Averil-- What are you going to do with your five million dollars?

SEAN
I don't know... Buy a car, a house in Baja, some good Tequila. Maybe a woman now and then.

RITCHIE
Yeah? What I've always wanted to do, if I ever had the money is... Get one of those penis enlargement operations.

SEAN'S never paid much attention to RITCHIE, but he gives him a good once-over now.

SEAN
Five million oughtta do it.

They pass thru a machine shop bay, full of computer-controlled lathes, drills, saws, welders, etc.

SEAN finds a large bank of industrial batteries. Its main cables are hanging loose, disconnected.

RITCHIE
Huh... Somebody unhooked the juice.

SEAN
(keys walkie)
Found the main batteries. Cable's yanked.

CAPT POWELL
(O.S. on walkie)
That's my Sean. Hook her up!

SEAN kneels, sparks the cable back in place.

30 INT. WAN XUAN INFIRMARY CORRIDOR - DAY.

Lights flicker on. SVENSON and RUSH are searching medical exam rooms. SVENSON smashes a narcotics cabinet, scoops bottles of drugs into his pockets. Pauses to read one.

SVENSON
I used to pay the rent flying this stuff under radar into Copenhagen.

RUSH
You're gonna have five million bucks. Who cares about the rent?

SVENSON
Even too much is never enough.

He opens another bottle, sniffs a green leafy substance.

SVENSON
Hmm. Medicinal Cannabis.

RUSH
Righteous.

RUSH pats his pockets, locates a bent pack of Zig-Zag papers.

31 INT. BRIDGE - GRAY DAY.

Power surges into the bridge. Lights blink on. Fans rev. Computers consoles click and churn, booting up. Video-surveillance cameras rise on their mounts.

CAPT POWELL
Just like Christmas!

FOSTER finds an area of communications computers. Equipment is torn open, circuit boards ripped out and broken.

FOSTER
The communications circuits have been disabled... Why would they cut off contact?

C.J.
Earl! Right in front of me!

C.J. has found a touch-screen monitor with "ANCHOR" icons and arrows: Up, down, etc.

CAPT POWELL
Miss Foster, Miss Mallone's gone and done your job!

He lands a sloppy kiss on C.J., eagerly hitting the "ANCHOR UP" icons.

32 EXT. BOW OF WAN XUAN / ELECTRA OFF BOW - DAY.

TWIN ANCHOR CHAINS burst out of the sea and retract across the bow, thundering inside the ship's internal chain lockers.

APIA connects ELECTRA'S tow cable to WAN XUAN'S computerized bow winch. CRANDLE signals the ELECTRA, which idles at the other end of the cable.

33 INT. CORRIDOR / CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY.

CAPT POWELL
(on walkie)
All hands topside! Prepare to get under-way.

SVENSON ignores, puffing a joint. He shoves a fallen desk from a black door: It's engraved in bold red Chinese characters, gilded with gold.

He opens the door, steps into a plush, spacious stateroom, padded in velvet, ripe with Chinese antiquities. Captain's Quarters. A bed-side array of monitors display views of the ship, including angles of SVENSON himself. He glimpses a screen: A shadow crosses behind him.

SVENSON pivots, shotgun up. RUSH bops in, headphones blazing, pockets bulging, joint in lips. They giggle. Two scavengers, intoxicated by the sport of it.

SVENSON
It's good to be the Captain.

RUSH crosses to a dining alcove, opens: A lacquered cabinet. Grabs silverware from top drawers. Opens a lower cabinet, stunned: It's jammed with mini-boxes of Cap'n Crunch: Printed in Chinese, with Cap'n Crunch's eyes slanted.

RUSH
Outrageous.

SVENSON yanks an unweildy CEREMONIAL SWORD off a wall plaque, unsheathing it for a look. Then he notices a small gold statue of a naked Chinese Temptress.

SVENSON chucks the SWORD, goes for the NUDE.

34 EXT. BOW OF WAN XUAN - GRAY DAY.

HUGE TWIN ANCHORS break the surface, ratchet up, seat high under the bow.

35 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - GRAY DAY.

CRANDLE (on walkie)
Anchors stowed, Sir!

POWELL smirks, relaxing into the Captain's chair.

CAPT POWELL
(keys walkie)
Mr. Hooker, take us to Pago Pago!

36 ELECTRA - WHEEL-HOUSE: HOOKER spits tobacco juice, shoves the throttle. CHIHUAHUA pants and drools.

37 ELECTRA ENGINE ROOM: GUITERREZ gives engines power.

38 EXT. SEA - WAN XUAN & ELECTRA - GRAY DAY.

ELECTRA churns forward, tightening the tow cable.

39 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - GRAY DAY.

FOSTER sees something disturbing: Raspy DIGITAL HASH flickers on computer screens, colors shift to negative tones, dark and ugly.

FOSTER
Captain...

But POWELL is busy: C.J. is on his lap, grinding hard, tongue deep in his mouth. Cruising toward a victory fuck.

FOSTER
(under her breath)
Disgusting.

40 EXT. WAN XUAN BOW - GRAY DAY.

BOW WINCH suddenly STARTS-- SPINS full speed, WINDING IN the tow cable.

APIA and CRANDLE jump to the controls, but nothing they do has any effect.

41 INT/EXT. ELECTRA - GRAY DAY.

GUITERREZ WHISTLES PANIC, as CABLE HAULS ELECTRA rapidly BACKWARD, toward WAN XUAN.

CHIHUAHUA yaps bloody murder.

HOOKER
(keys walkie)
Shut down the Bloody winch!

42 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - GRAY DAY.

POWELL turns hotly on FOSTER:

CAPT POWELL
What'd you push?!

FOSTER
Nothing! There's some kind of malfunction in the system--

POWELL shoves C.J. off, jabbing a color-shifted WINCH CONTROL MONITOR. Does nothing. He keys walkie-talkie, but it jams with SQUEALING DIGITAL WAIL-- Like a fax modem from hell.

43 EXT. WAN XUAN MAIN DECK - GRAY DAY.

SEAN and RITCHIE hustle up from below. SEAN spots commotion at the bow, runs to help. RITCHIE panics, BOLTS for the rope ladder. Thirty feet down, there's nothing but sea.

44 EXT. WAN XUAN & ELECTRA ON SEA - GRAY DAY.

GUITERREZ jams ELECTRA'S winch in reverse, lets out slack-- But WAN XUAN'S winch speeds up, reeling the smaller boat mercilessly-- CRASHING it against its bow--

GUITERREZ looks up. MAMMOTH ANCHOR sways directly above his head. A heartbeat of premonition--

GUITERREZ JUMPS CLEAR--

WAN XUAN anchor automation controls FLASH. Mechanism CLUNKS OPEN.

ANCHOR PLUMMETS--

KAAWHUMPPP!!!

Punches ELECTRA'S deck like paper.

ELECTRA pitches. GUITERREZ slides along deck, toward: GIANT CHAIN LINKS, pummeling from above, filling the hole.

GUITERREZ squirms, reaches for help, but--

HOOKER'S no hero. Runs the other way, jumps off the bow. CHIHUAHUA yaps and dives on top of him.

CHAIN LINKS smash GUITERREZ'S legs and torso, drag him into the hell hole. His screams are quickly buried in the rain of iron--

Above, CREW watch in horror, recoiling as:

ELECTRA fuel tanks EXPLODE.

45 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - GRAY DAY.

POWELL bolts outside, screaming:

CAPT POWELL
Goddamnit! Man overboard!
Fight that fire!

FOSTER moves thru bridge computers, chilled to see: DIGITAL HASH sweeps from one computer screen to the next, shifting off-color. DIGITAL WAIL blips and SCREECHES.

FOSTER
Something's over-riding the
ship's control logic network.

C.J., clueless, rushes out to find POWELL.

ANCHOR touch-screen flashes. Image on a monitor: Anchor chain reverses, hauling links out of the flaming ELECTRA.

And just as suddenly, the DIGITAL WAIL stops. The computers return to normal.

FOSTER pivots, baffled. All around her: It's as if nothing ever happened.

46 INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - GRAY DAY.

RUSH boogies to the Captain's private COMPUTER BAY, chomping Cap'n Crunch. Amid glitching screens, he spots a spectacular shot of a boat going up in flames.

RUSH
Cool. They got HBO.

SVENSON double-takes on it: Sees "ELECTRA" on the bow.

SVENSON
That's not HBO. That's <u>US</u>.

RUSH chokes on cereal, turns to EXIT FAST. He pulls open a DOOR, but it's to a closet, DARK INSIDE--

But a BUG-EYED FACE COMES AT HIM--

A PERSON wearing a GAS MASK, JUMPING AT HIM--

RUSH
AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

He fumbles his shotgun, GAS MASK PERSON grabs for it--

SVENSON kicks gun away, tackles GAS MASK PERSON. RUSH recovers, blows cereal out his nose, gets his gun pointed. They grapple the PERSON into submission, RIPPING OFF the GAS MASK--

It's a CHINESE WOMAN. In Navy uniform. Know her as YANG. Eyes red and watery. Heart pounding:

She's scared out of her mind.

47 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - GRAY DAY.

FOSTER moves among the bridge's computers, struggling to understand what happened. Notices video surveillance image:

SVENSON and RUSH, dragging YANG up a stairway.

48 EXT. MAIN DECK - GRAY DAY.

CAPTAIN POWELL and C.J. hurry to SEAN and APIA, as they haul HOOKER up a rescue line.

SEAN
Guiterrez?!

HOOKER
Not a chance in hell.

HOOKER opens his coat, flings the water-logged CHIHUAHUA. It goes nuts, chases its tail.

C.J.
Precious! Come here, Precious!

RITCHIE clings to the rail, as the ELECTRA drifts away in flames.

RITCHIE
My Dramamine was on there!

All turn at new commotion: SVENSON and RUSH shove YANG across the deck, onto her knees before POWELL.

SVENSON
She was in the Captain's quarters, at a computer--

RUSH
Wearing this gas mask. Tried to snarf my gun!

CRANDLE
Captain, she could have used remote computer commands to turn the winch and drop that anchor!

C.J.
Bitch! Look what you did to our boat!!

YANG remains stoic and defiant. A textbook prisoner of war.

SVENSON
A survivor is a problem. This ship isn't derelict.

CAPT POWELL
Yeah? Well she's liable for the destruction of our vessel. That makes it not so black and white.

HOOKER
She bloody near killed me. I'll settle this quick!

HOOKER grabs a shotgun by the barrel, coiling it back to smash YANG'S skull.

FOSTER
NO!

FOSTER comes down from the bridge, dives in to block HOOKER. Everybody's anger shifts onto HER. YANG looks up at FOSTER. A beat between them: Equally scared.

FOSTER
The Electra's gone. The radios on this ship are out. We've got no lifeboats. That leaves two options: Wait for the Chinese to find us, or get this vessel to port under its own power...
(re: YANG)
If she knows the computers, she can get the engines started.

Tempers simmer. CAPTAIN POWELL looks to SEAN. Much as they hate to admit it, FOSTER is right.

49 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - GRAY DAY.

ELECTRA burning in the distance...

SEAN hustles YANG to the bridge, plops her in front of a computer. Lynch-mob CREW crowds around. CAPTAIN POWELL slaps down a navigation chart.

CAPT POWELL
Full speed to Pago Pago!

YANG stares at the chart, trembling.

C.J.
Chop chop! <u>NOW</u>!

SVENSON
Do it or your brains are Chop Suey!

FOSTER edges in, kneeling to YANG.

FOSTER
Do you speak English?

YANG doesn't answer. SVENSON, RUSH, APIA and C.J. tense their shotguns.

FOSTER
I won't let them hurt you. I promise.

YANG glances at the angry crew, doubting it. Oops, she understands English.

FOSTER
What's your name?

YANG hardens.

RITCHIE
Hurry up lady! Start the engines!

FOSTER waves the others back. Like anyone at the mercy of techies, they grudgingly give space. Only SEAN remains steadfast, shotgun across his chest.

FOSTER leans close to YANG, speaks low:

FOSTER
Look, get this ship moving, or I can't guarantee what they'll do. All right?

YANG assesses FOSTER. Her first words come without emotion, heavily accented:

YANG
I am research analyst. I have no training for ship operations.

FOSTER
But you know the system architecture, right?... Access the engine drivers, we'll take it one step at a time.

YANG gives in. Types commands, hunts into complex Chinese menu screens.

50 FRONT OF THE BRIDGE: CAPTAIN POWELL, CRANDLE and HOOKER move aside, scanning stormy skies, grumbling whispers:

CRANDLE
Captain, this ship isn't derelict with that woman onboard. We've got no legal claim to it.

HOOKER
It's not worth a bloody dime to us with her alive.

CAPTAIN POWELL eyes YANG darkly. Pulls out his flask, takes a swig.

CAPT POWELL
Trust me boys, nothing's going to blow this deal.

51 AT THE COMPUTER: YANG comes to a code query screen. Her fingers freeze. SVENSON notices.

SVENSON
Put the code in.

FOSTER measures YANG'S desperation.

FOSTER
Do you have it?

C.J. grabs YANG by the hair, back-handing her across the face, her jewelry leaving a bloody gash.

C.J.
PUT IN THE CODE, LADY.

FOSTER
MAYBE SHE DOESN'T HAVE IT.

Just then:

DIGITAL WAIL bursts from the system. Screens come alive with DIGITAL HASH, shift to negative colors.

YANG panics, recognizes the sound. She rambles fearfully in Chinese, blood oozing down her face.

FOSTER
<u>What</u>?! What is that?

On her screen: Code boxes blip options BY THEMSELVES, locking in all seven digits. Then all screens return to normal.

DIGITAL WAIL ceases.

FOSTER sees: YANG'S hands aren't anywhere near the keyboard. They are touching her bloody face; she is gripped by a terrifying revelation.

CRANDLE
Captain!

Everyone turns to see: Helm screen lights with propeller icons, which slowly TURN. POWELL touches the screen's throttle icon indicating "FULL SPEED".

52 EXT. UNDERWATER - GRAY DAY.

WAN XUAN'S massive twin propellers spin faster.

53 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - GRAY DAY.

CREW swells with anticipation, as the ship moves forward. HOOKER grabs the pilot wheel.

CAPT POWELL
Heading two-niner zero, Mr. Hooker.

Consulting an elaborate electronic compass-map, they adjust the course precisely toward Pago Pago.

HOOKER
Handles like a Bentley!

CREW trades tentative merriment. On the move.

FOSTER
Captain, there's something wrong here. Something else is affecting the system. She didn't break that code. I don't think she dropped the anchor either, but she knows about whatever did.

CAPT POWELL
Miss Foster, if it ain't broke, don't fix it--

He looks at FOSTER, then beyond her. His joy evaporates. FOSTER pivots, sees it too:

Yang's chair is EMPTY. She's vanished.

On a video monitor: A flash of YANG, racing down an unknown stairway.

CREW reacts, grabbing shotguns.

CAPT POWELL
Hold your horses. Everybody stay put. That young lady's scared, she's got a thousand places to hide.

He considers FOSTER shrewdly:

CAPT POWELL
She trusts you, Miss Foster... Go find her, talk to her, bring her back up here. Tell her we mean no harm.

FOSTER reads CAPTAIN POWELL'S sallow eyes, getting a sick feeling. She picks up a shotgun uneasily and -- glancing back -- follows blood smears thru a rear equipment area, scales down a narrow ladder-way.

CAPTAIN POWELL gestures for SEAN to step outside the bridge. They exit to talk in private.

Remaining CREW settle in, their fortunes seemingly assured. APIA peers aft thru a window: In the distance, the ELECTRA belches a final explosion and sinks.

APIA
Guiterrez was a good man.

RUSH
He was way past ethnic. Totally cool.

C.J.
Didn't he have a family?

CRANDLE
Wife and three kids.

Mournful silence... Except for SVENSON, who works a pocket calculator:

SVENSON
With him gone, our shares increase to five and a half million.

Eyes lift. Looks trade.

RITCHIE
An extra half million?

APIA
Wait a second. We oughtta send Guiterrez's share to his family.

But there's little support for this. HOOKER turns from the wheel, fresh chaw of Red Man bulging his cheek.

HOOKER
I ain't giving my half million to nobody.

CRANDLE
Hey... Guiterrez didn't want in on this, remember? He thought the ship was haunted.

C.J.
Yeah... He said that.

RUSH
What a loser.

RITCHIE
We'll send flowers.

SVENSON
Fuck him. He's dead.

54 EXT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - STORMY DAY.

POWELL and SEAN lean on a rail, as the ship surges toward a stormy horizon.

CAPT POWELL
At this clip, well make Pago Pago in four hours... Maybe less... But we got loose ends, Sean. Too much riding on this for loose ends.

SEAN cups a cigarette against the wind, coaxes a flame from his Zippo.

SEAN
The Chinese woman.

CAPT POWELL
She's gotta go... You can make quick work of this.

SEAN
We'd never get away with it. Foster's the type who'd give up five million bucks to blow the whistle.

CAPT POWELL
Yeah, well... If the Chinese woman don't kill her first, you'll have to handle that part too.

SEAN hadn't expected this. Kill Foster?

CAPT POWELL
Make a clean job of them both, Sean. Weight the bodies and throw them overboard. Do it and I'll give you Foster's share... Another five million.

SEAN draws deep on his cigarette, brow tensing.

CAPT POWELL
Sean Boy... You did eight years in Folsam for a five hundred dollar bump and run. Now here, you'll walk away a free man with ten million.

55 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - STORMY DAY

The doors opens. Storm swirls in. SEAN crosses the bridge, distracted. Tugs on a pair of gloves, checks his shotgun. He examines the chair where Yang sat, touches her blood, smells it. He follows the trail thru the rear equipment racks.

CREW watches this in silence, the smarter ones catching on as SEAN disappears down the ladder where Foster had gone.

SVENSON punches a new equation into his calculator, happily showing RUSH the result.

56 INT. WAN XUAN LOWER LEVELS - STORMY DAY.

A cockroach crawls on a fluorescent tube.

FOSTER searches the galley -- now brightly lighted -- swinging her shotgun at small sounds.

She finds a smear of blood... Stops, glances behind her. Surveillance camera peers from the ceiling. She jabs the gun barrel, smashes the lens. Using her sleeve, she wipes the blood and continues down metal stairs into:

57 RESEARCH LAB:

FOSTER passes blue-glass port-holes, checks a stretch of idle lab stations. Beyond a blood smear, she sees:

Black-walled LASER LAB, lined with TEST BENCHES. PURPLE BEAMS pulse benignly into mirror components.

She follows computer pecking to:

An astronomy work area, covered by a planetarium-like star-chart dome.

YANG sits at a computer, bloody fingers tapping keys--

She GASPS, raising a SHARP KNIFE at FOSTER.

FOSTER tenses, but keeps her gun at the ceiling.

FOSTER
I know you're scared... I know what it's like to be in a room full of people who don't believe you... You didn't sink our boat, I know that. There's something else wrong...

YANG'S breathless with fear, blood oozing down her cheek. Amid desk clutter: A snapshot of her in happier days. This is her work station.

FOSTER
I promised I wouldn't let them hurt you and I mean it. But we have to prove you're innocent.

The computer screen: In Chinese, but FOSTER recognizes the format.

FOSTER
You're in Unix debug. What are you tracking?

YANG
Invasive logic code. It has locked me out.

FOSTER
Try a context-dependent anti-viral trace.

Knife wavers, YANG hastily enters commands.

FOSTER
What happened on this ship? To your crew?

YANG
It's not clear.

FOSTER
Tell me what you know.

YANG looks at FOSTER. Needs her.

YANG
04:18 hours, all systems went down. There was panic, but no alarms, no back-ups.
(more...)

YANG (Cont'd)
Captain called me to his quarters, gave me a toxin mask, ordered me to stay at his computer station. I stay. Many abandon ship, many die. I stay. Power went off, but I follow orders.

The knife trembles and drops. FOSTER reaches for YANG'S temple wound, but she flinches.

Computer screen pops up: A data routing MAP -- diagram of the ship's wiring -- many lines flickering with DIGITAL HASH. Along various routes, codes barriers break, opening more branches to the invasive DIGITAL HASH. Like cancer spreading.

FOSTER
It can't do that... A program hasn't been written that can break codes that fast.

Another code breaks, another routes flickers. The DIGITAL WAIL pops on LOUD. Right in front of them.

YANG is petrified, turns down the computer speaker.

FOSTER
Where have you heard that before?

Above them: Celestial dome chart. Star cluster at the South Pole has Chinese notations in glowing neon marker. There is a single line of English: "22:07 - SUPER NOVA!"

YANG
I was monitoring at 643 gigahertz. Our ship has the only equipment on Earth that can do this. A super Nova blew, and its shock wave carried a signal at 643 gigahertz. By pure luck, I recorded a data burst from a dying star, six thousand light years away.

FOSTER studies a strip chart: Radio emissions.

YANG
I analyzed it many hours, but could not decode it. Then it vanished from my computer. My incredible discovery was gone.
(re: WAIL)
<u>That</u> is the sound it made.

FOSTER
A computer virus from a dying star...

An ominous look passes between them.

Unseen, nearby: A video monitor glitches on, displaying a surveillance camera view of them. A ceiling-mounted video camera zooms in. Watching them.

Another CODE BREAKS. The computer screen colors go negative--FOSTER turns, sees every computer in the lab GOING DARK and UGLY--

DIGITAL WAIL SURROUNDS them-- LASER BENCHES spring to life, automated mirrors SCAN WILDLY, PURPLE BEAMS burn glass and metal around the room. The lasers weren't designed to do this.

FOSTER and YANG duck, stunned by an awesome spectacle:

LASER BEAMS CONVERGE in the center of the lab, creating a HOLOGRAPHIC FORM, strobing in sync with DIGITAL WAIL. Fractal spirals expand into data-filled ALIEN MACHINE DNA.

It's pure data, struggling to become three-dimensional.

Facets and polygons unfold and divide within the HOLOGRAPHIC MASS: Surfaces display video images, a compendium of the ViRUS'S brief history on Earth: "Learned" Data-base images... Birds, insects, humans, machines... Ship's diagrams, lethal gas valves opening... Surveillance camera replays: Chinese choking, panicked, abandoning ship in storm. Anchor circuits manipulated. Electra exploding.

FOSTER sees the images, blood running cold.

HOLOGRAPHIC MASS dies to a single SILENT BRIGHT POINT, then EXPANDS BIGGER THAN BEFORE, filling the lab with:

An ungodly INSECT-LIKE HOLOGRAPHIC ViROiD--

ViROiD LOOKS directly at FOSTER and YANG. MOUTH SNARLS OPEN--Unleashes DIGITAL WAIL-- Holographic TENDRILS lash at them--

YANG springs to laser control computers, reaches for switches--HOLOGRAPHIC ViROiD attacks her, TENDRILS burning hair, slicing skin.

FOSTER brings up shotgun -- FIRES -- knocks out a LASER UNIT. HOLOGRAPHIC ViROiD falters--

FOSTER pulls YANG to safety, but--

HOLOGRAPHIC ViROiD regains strength, slicing past equipment, trapping them--

58 GALLEY:

SEAN hears gun blasts, follows the sound.

59 LASER LAB:

FOSTER shoots out more laser units-- But a single BEAM keeps the HOLOGRAPHIC ViROiD on its feet--

HOLOGRAPHIC APPENDAGES burn FOSTER'S arm, tumble her shotgun, corner her. YANG dodges, grabs shotgun, SHOOTS the final laser.

A shimmering after-image CHARGED-PARTICLE ViROiD lunges at FOSTER, dispersing as a cloud of radioactive dust. Lab goes dark, except for star-chart dome, SUPER-NOVA glowing neon.

FOSTER clicks a flashlight, finds YANG. Stunned.

YANG
It was trying to come alive.

DIGITAL WAIL pops on elsewhere in the ship.

FOSTER
It's all over the ship. What's the quickest way to shut down every computer?

YANG opens an emergency hatch, heads down a ladder.

60 SUB-LEVEL SERVICE CORRIDOR:

FOSTER and YANG think on the run, squeeze past racks of computer equipment: Blipping, glitching -- WAILING.

FOSTER
Your crew had some idea what it was. They tried to stop it. They destroyed the radio circuits so it couldn't spread by broadcasting. They disconnected the batteries to shut it down--

YANG
When your crew powered the ship, it came back to life--

FOSTER
And now it's getting stronger by the minute--

They pass a monitor: Computer-bound ViROiD IMAGE twists, DIGITAL SNARLS at them-- Ship's diagram plots their position, circuits energize around them, codes break.

Automated door SHUTS, blocking FOSTER and YANG.

They double back--

Door behind them SLAMS.

Computerized valves trigger overhead: FIRE SUPPRESSION SYSTEM spews CHOKING CHEMICALS.

YANG coughs, drops low, crabs to a side door. Slides SECURITY TAG in a card reader. Door hums, but won't open. Computer circuits rage: Techno tug-of-war.

BLAM! FOSTER shoots out GROWLING COMPUTER--

The door springs open.

61 POWER CONTROL MODULE:

Escaping noxious cloud, YANG hurries FOSTER to a glassed-in POWER CONTROL ROOM: Lined with circuit breakers and pulsating fiber-optics.

YANG
All circuits pass thru here!

FOSTER aims shotgun. Click. Out of ammo. Turns the butt, SMASHES glass-- They rush in, ripping fiber-optics, sparking out circuit breakers.

62 RESEARCH LAB / LASER LAB:

Computers flash, lights die. SEAN snaps on a flashlight: He's rejoined the trail of blood, prowling into the laser lab. Sees laser-burned walls and equipment.

Notices emergency ladder: Hatch ajar.

63 INT. WAN XUAN BRIDGE - STORMY DAY.

Bridge computers ping off.

CRANDLE
Captain, losing power!

Eyes on video monitor: Surveillance image of FOSTER and YANG, ripping out circuitry.

C.J.
Foster's <u>helping</u> her!

CAPT POWELL
Bitches are sabotaging me!
(keys walkie)
Sean! Where the hell you at?!

Bridge goes dark. Engines stop.

HOOKER
Bloody engines are out!

SVENSON
We're dead in the water!

RITCHIE
Sitting ducks!

CAPT POWELL
Mr. Hooker, stay the helm! The rest of you, get down there and stop those two women!
(keys walkie)
Sean, get them god-damn engines back up!

APIA, SVENSON, RUSH, C.J. and CRANDLE hustle out with shotguns and walkie-talkies.

RITCHIE and the CHIHUAHUA freeze, mortified.

CAPT POWELL
That's an ORDER!

RITCHIE salutes, CHIHUAHUA yipes. They scram.

64 INT. POWER MODULE / STAIRWAY:

FOSTER pries the last circuit breaker. YANG slices a final cluster of fiber-optics. Everything falls quiet, except a tiny echo of DIGITAL WAIL...

Puzzled, they track the SOUND, coming to a stairwell-- Click off their lights-- Duck to a shadow as FOOTSTEPS crash from above--

SVENSON, RUSH, C.J., CRANDLE and APIA arrive at the landing and scatter.

FOSTER and YANG hurry another way, zeroing on the DIGITAL WAIL, coming into:

65 ENGINE ROOM:

Dark cavern, catwalks and pipe. Engines whining down. At the far end, a single BRIGHT doorway reveals:

FURIOUS ACTIVITY and DIGITAL WAILING.

YANG
Ship's batteries are in there.
It's using them to stay powered.

Racing to shut down the ViRUS'S final refuge--

They round a corner-- Twenty feet from the open door-- Inside: Lathes and drills spin, robotic arms flex, computers break codes--

They STOP DEAD-- SHOTGUN in the FACE--

SEAN blocks their path, means business--

SEAN
Why'd you have to mess with the ship--?!

FOSTER
Sean--

SEAN
Put the gun down!

FOSTER sees in his eyes: He's been sent to kill them.

FOSTER
If you never believed a word I ever said, believe me now--

SEAN
Foster--

FOSTER
There's a computer virus on this ship like nothing the world's ever seen. We've got it isolated in there, but--

SEAN
SHUT UP AND--

YANG
If we don't destroy every bit of it, it could spread and--

Burst of DIGITAL WAIL-- Code breaks-- Machine shop automated door SLIDES SHUT.

SEAN jerks at the noise--

FOSTER SLAMS gun-butt in his stomach. SEAN recovers fast, pissed, tripping FOSTER to the floor. She rolls, shotgun up at him-- It's a stand-off, eye-to-eye, gun-to-gun--

FOSTER
What's he paying you to do his dirty work this time, Sean?

SEAN snarls-- Enough distraction to cover: YANG coming from behind--

THUD-UD-- YANG DOUBLE-PUNCHES SEAN'S back.

His gun FIRES wild-- He collapses in pain--

FOSTER snags his gun and walkie-talkie, bolts to machine shop door.

YANG swipes SECURITY TAG in lock card-reader. Slot GRABS the TAG -- won't let go -- circuitry BUZZES mad. YANG tugs the card--

Card reader MELTS the SECURITY TAG.

FOSTER SHOOTS the reader. Circuits die, but the door won't open. Behind the steel barrier: DIGITAL WAIL drives manic MACHINE SOUNDS.

YANG
It's staying alive in the machine shop computers.

FOSTER
Can we force the door??

Answer might be yes, but they hear HUMAN CLATTER rushing their way:

66 CORRIDOR / ENGINE ROOM:

Tracking gun blasts, SVENSON, RUSH, C.J., APIA and CRANDLE hustle in, flashlights slicing the dark.

SEAN groans onto all-fours.

Unseen, in the darkness above: FOSTER and YANG retreat to catwalk shadows, badly out-gunned.

APIA helps SEAN to his feet. Kidneys on fire.

SEAN
(to APIA)
They were here. They wanted to get in the machine shop.

C.J.
You let 'em <u>get away</u>?!

CRANDLE
(keys walkie)
Captain Powell! They were in the engine room, but Averil let them get away.

CAPT POWELL
(on walkie)
Goddamnit, Sean!

67 BRIDGE:

HOOKER spits tobacco juice, adjusts his skipper's cap.

HOOKER
Shoulda' killed Chop Suey when I said to.

POWELL clamps his rage, keys walkie:

CAPT POWELL
Sean, get the engines running NOW. The rest of you, hunt down them women... Whoever finds 'em gets an extra <u>million dollars</u>.

68 ENGINE ROOM:

In the catwalks, FOSTER and YANG hear this, turning down the captured walkie-talkie, lest it give away their position.

Below: LOOKS trade among newly-appointed bounty hunters.

RUSH
I could use an extra million.

SVENSON
(keys walkie)
Dead or alive?

CAPT POWELL
(on walkie)
They're armed, got me? Defend yourselves.

C.J.
Yeah. We got a right to defend ourselves.

She pumps her shotgun and charges out, followed by CRANDLE. RUSH tags along, cranking his DISCMAN, getting jazzed for the hunt.

APIA stays to help SEAN fix the engines.

SVENSON edges to the machine shop door, shotgun handy, keenly addressing the catwalk darkness:

SVENSON
Ladies... You want to get in the machine shop? Come back, I'll help you open the door.

69 EXT. WAN XUAN OBSERVATION TOWER - STORMY DAY.

YANG leads FOSTER up a ladder hatch, bringing them into storm-gray daylight. Wind snaps their hair, as they hunker on a high, shrouded observation deck.

YANG
Your friends don't understand.
The virus could kill them too.

FOSTER
There's a lot of things they
don't understand.

They observe toward the bow: POWELL and HOOKER pace the bridge, guns ready. Near the stern: C.J. and CRANDLE poke shotguns in doorways.

YANG shivers, laser-gashes bleeding. FOSTER opens her utility vest, digs out first-aid tape to patch wounds.

YANG
Your name is Foster?

FOSTER
Yeah... Barbara Foster.

YANG
I am Yang.

FOSTER
Yang, you and I need help. Is
there any way to get an S.O.S.
to your navy?

YANG examines the captured walkie-talkie.

YANG
If we could amplify this a
thousand times.

FOSTER peers overhead: There's a mammoth satellite dish.

70 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DARK.

SEAN pops an engine control panel. APIA'S flashlight scans an enigma of electronics.

APIA
Not like hot-wiring your daddy's
Oldsmobile.

SEAN clamps alligator cables on two power terminals.

SEAN
Run these direct to the main
batteries, we can jump-start it.

APIA drags cable to the machine shop door. SVENSON lingers there, pissed that his trap isn't working. Behind the sealed door: DIGITAL WAIL is augmented by clanging, whirring, blipping.

APIA
What's in there besides batteries?

SVENSON
A decoy, that's what I think. A simple-headed diversion.

He storms out. SEAN wheels over a welding rig.

SEAN
Foster fed me some line about a computer virus trapped in there.

They chuckle, but their amusement dims as the DIGITAL WAIL intensifies.

APIA
Whatever it is, sounds like it wants to get out.

SEAN fires the torch white-hot, slides on goggles, HISS-SPARKS into tough steel.

71 EXT. MAIN DECK - STORMY DAY.

C.J. and CRANDLE prowl, shotguns up. Behind and above them, a satellite dish slowly ROTATES.

72 INT. SATELLITE DISH TOWER BASE - STORMY DAY.

YANG hand-cranks a gearbox -- checking compass coordinates -- then follows FOSTER up a dark ladder.

73 EXT. SATELLITE DISH - STORMY DAY.

Hatch opens. FOSTER and YANG emerge into the center of the huge white dish. Appraising the walkie-talkie, they peer at the TRANSDUCER high above, at the apex of three towering struts.

FOSTER
We have to wire this into the primary oscillator.

They cross to the lower strut, scale up its rungs. As they go higher it's sheer vertigo... In this position, the transducer is off the side of the ship, dangling a hundred feet above the thrashing sea--

Strafed by wind, watching for trouble below, they reach the tiny transducer platform, begin loosening a perimeter of bolts.

74 MAIN DECK:

C.J. and CRANDLE hunt, looking everywhere but straight up.

75 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DARK.

Sparks fly, as SEAN torches a square from the machine shop door. APIA marshals his massive girth, KICKS it.

Steel square KLANGS into the machine shop--

FRANTIC INDUSTRIAL SOUNDS and LIGHT BURST from the opening, but then-- It all FLICKERS OFF-- Machine tools REV DOWN-- The entire bay goes DARK and QUIET.

APIA offers SEAN the coil of cable.

APIA
You're the expert.

76 MACHINE SHOP / BATTERY BAY:

SEAN steps thru the square hole, shotgun first, flashlight taped to the barrel. APIA follows, armed and nervous, cable in hand.

Darkness echoes a reedy low DIGITAL CHIRP...

Computerized machine tools have stopped mid-stroke, their robotic "hands" clamping left-over pieces of metal: Shapes reveal BIZARRE METAL PARTS cut from them... Thousands of parts.

SEAN stops cold, light hitting the main batteries.

APIA
What happened to them?!

All of the massive batteries have been surgically SLICED OPEN, internal CELLS REMOVED.

SEAN regards their jumper cable. There's nothing to hook it to.

SEAN
(keys walkie)
Captain, we got a problem down here.

CAPT POWELL (O.S.)
(on walkie)
I'm getting tired of your problems, Mr. Averil.

SEAN
We're up against more than two women.

Walkie-talkies JAM with DIGITAL CHIRP--

SEAN and APIA snap off walkie, swing gun/lights at similar CHIRPING in the shop's darkness.

SEAN
Whatever's making that noise is what took our batteries.

They move cautiously to search the shop.

In cluttered shadows: Computer monitor displays low video angle of: SEAN and APIA, edging thru idle machine tools. VIEW creeps around a bench, keeping them in sight. Flashes diagrams of the shop, plotting their positions-- MONITOR ITSELF ducks from view...

SEAN'S light catches on:

Bay of computer equipment, every component methodically DISMANTLED. Amid the junk:

MOVEMENT.

TWO ELECTRO-MECHANICAL INSECT-LIKE CREATURES, two feet long, toil with ROBOTIC SPEED... Removing computer chips from a mainframe computer, install them in a THIRD CREATURE.

<u>ARTHROPOiDS</u>:

Menacing BEASTS, freshly constructed of milled metal, gears, actuators, fiber optics and computer circuits, each built around a battery cell, sprouting six clawed legs.

(Note: Please see "Glossary of ViRUS FORMS" located at the end of this script.)

One ARTHROPOiD has needle-nose plier "hands", a soldering iron "nose". A second has a video camera as "head". They finish work on a THIRD: Its head is a tiny computer monitor, displays image of:

SEAN and APIA -- staring dumb-founded.

APIA
Why do I get this feeling we picked the wrong ship to steal??

SEAN aims his shotgun-- FIRES--

But ARTHROPOiDS REACT with frightening speed, skittering behind equipment, up walls, into shadows. DIGITAL CHIRPING switches to WAR MODE--

SOUND EXPLODES ALL AROUND THEM--

SEAN and APIA aim UP-- Stunned--

CEILING is COVERED with ARTHROPOiDS. Hundreds.

BLAM! BLAM! Shotguns BLAZING-- But ARTHROPOiDS move like caffeinated cockroaches. And many lower NAIL GUNS from their bellies, squeezing a hail of POWERED STEEL DARTS.

SEAN and APIA dive for cover, DARTS piercing equipment-- APIA cringes, rips his shirt: Got three DARTS deep in his shoulder. He grabs one, PULLS HARD-- BARBS RIP FLESH--

SEAN pops up, SHOTGUN SPEWS LEAD--

ARTHROPOiDS traverse the shop with astounding coordination and speed-- ESCAPE out the torched DOOR HOLE. LAST SIX lift steel panel BACK IN PLACE as they exit. From the outside: Welding sparks.

APIA rushes the door, kicking. Welded tight. They're trapped. SEAN finds the walkie-talkie: It's riddled with STEEL DARTS. APIA grits his teeth, PULLS MORE DARTS from his shoulder...

APIA
Chinese musta' booby-trapped this ship with them son-of-a-bastards!

SEAN scrutinizes metal left-overs in robotic machine tools, as DIGITAL CHIRP spreads upward thru ship.

SEAN
They weren't here before. They just got made.

APIA
By <u>WHO</u>?

Damn if SEAN knows. He grabs a portable METAL SAW, sparks it into the steel door.

77 EXT. SATELLITE DISH TRANSDUCER - STORMY DAY.

RAGING WIND, a dizzying plunge to crashing sea: FOSTER and YANG jog transducer cover loose. Snagged by wind, it cart-wheels thru space, splashes waves.

FOSTER
Wire a shunt into the primary VHF output!

YANG tugs FOSTER behind transducer. They see below:

78 BRIDGE / MAIN DECK:

CAPTAIN POWELL moves to the rail with binoculars. He's spotted the transducer cover floating away, but doesn't know what it is. Whistles to CRANDLE and C.J. Brandishing shotguns, the three of them search with renewed vigilance, passing out of sight.

79 SATELLITE DISH TRANSDUCER:

YANG and FOSTER hastily resume wiring walkie-talkie to transducer.

80 MAIN DECK:

CAPTAIN POWELL, C.J. and CRANDLE discover a quivering rope locker door. After a beat of dead-meat aim-taking, CRANDLE RIPS it open--

RITCHIE and the CHIHUAHUA cower inside, teeth chattering.

C.J.
Precious, get yourself away from that fool.

CAPT POWELL
On your feet Sailor!

81 INT. BELOW DECKS - STAIRWELL - DARK.

BLARING VITOLOGY-- RUSH bops down metal stairs, DISCMAN LOUD, joint in his lips, shotgun swinging like he's in the twelfth level of DOOM. He stops, gets a weird feeling. Scratches eyebrow ring. Pulls down phones.

Hears DIGITAL CHIRP. Looks behind him.

Eyes drift up.

ARTHROPOiDS are climbing UP the UNDERSIDE of the stairs. Techno-ants in an M.C. Escher nightmare.

RUSH
Cool.

He reaches up with his shotgun, slips the barrel under an ARTHROPOiD and shucks it down for a look.

ARTHROPOiD clunks to the floor and FLIPS OVER. ASSESSES RUSH-- LEAPS at his thigh-- CLAMPS his DISCMAN. Music skips and stutters.

RUSH
Woah. Fuck. LEGGO!

CHIRP gets NASTY-- MORE ARTHROPOiDS DROP, SNAPPING plier hands and bolt-cutter jaws.

RUSH GASPS, swallows his joint -- Flings off DISCMAN, along with the ARTHROPOiD-- RUNS, FIRING WILD behind him--

SLAMS SMACK INTO SVENSON, coming the other way--

BOTH
AHHHHHHHH!!!

SVENSON
GET-OUTTA-MY-FACE! What are you shooting at?!

RUSH stammers, points like crazy: ARTHROPOiDS disappear up a duct with his DISCMAN.

RUSH
Ship's got... KOOTIES!

82 EXT. SATELLITE DISH TRANSDUCER - STORMY DAY.

FOSTER glances below, wiring the final connection. Nods to YANG, who keys the walkie:

YANG
(Chinese, subtitles:)
Command Interpreter BST-27!
Emergency intercept--

83 HIGH EARTH ORBIT:

Hundred miles above the swirling Pacific storm, night's shadow approaches. A SATELLITE drifts into view, we hear a jumble of Chinese transmissions.

TITLE SUPERS: CHINESE COMMAND ORBITER -- 322 CODED CHANNELS -- LINKS 56 GROUND-BASED SUPER-COMPUTERS

Hear: YANG'S VOICE, breaking up badly. Satellite's antenna rotates, homing on the voice:

84 EXT. SATELLITE DISH TRANSDUCER - STORMY DAY.

YANG
(subtitles:)
Wan Xuan Three! Track this frequency! Send rescue team!

FOSTER double-takes on the bottom of the dish:

ARTHROPOiDS emerge from the hatch, DIGITAL CHIRP rising. They've divided into three lines, climbing up ALL THREE transducer struts.

YANG sees alarm on FOSTER'S face, looks down. Utters stunned Chinese.

YANG
(subtitle:)
Fuck me.

Walkie-talkie slips from her hand, wires snap: It tumbles into the sea.

Trapped, FOSTER and YANG KICK at approaching ARTHROPOIDS, but the sheer numbers are overwhelming: SNIPPING, JABBING, NAIL GUNS AIMING--

RATTTATTATTATT!

FOSTER and YANG dodge, SLIPPING-- Cling to a slim conduit under the strut-- Precarious grip-- Scaling to dish's high edge--

ARTHROPOiDS pursue, slicing FOSTER'S fingers-- The Saint Christopher slips from her utility vest, tumbling down the dish, off the lip and into the sea.

She's next--

FOSTER
Ahhhhhhh--

She DROPS, careens down the bowl, hurls off the lower lip. Snags the edge with one hand--

Dangles over the RAGING SEA--

YANG jumps, controls her slide, catches lower strut, reaches for FOSTER. Fingertips touch-- FOSTER slips-- YANG grabs a wrist-- Pulls FOSTER up to see:

Six ARTHROPOiDS charging, FIRING STEEL DARTS.

YANG and FOSTER swing off the dish edge, climbing hand-over-hand along the triangulated sub-structure.

Below on main deck... CHIHUAHUA looks up and YAPS.

85 MAIN DECK / SATELLITE DISH:

CAPTAIN POWELL hustles mid-ship with C.J., CRANDLE and RITCHIE, looks up at CHIHUAHUA'S gripe:

YANG and FOSTER, dangling on the dish's underside, clambering toward its base. (No sign of Arthropoids from here.)

CAPT POWELL
Mr. Crandle. Open fire!

CRANDLE grins, FIRES. C.J. shoves him aside, FIRES--

C.J.
They're mine--

CRANDLE
Saw 'em first--

C.J.
Mine--

86 SATELLITE DISH UNDERSIDE / TOWER BASE:

Buckshot STRAFES METAL around FOSTER and YANG-- They dodge and climb, jump to the tower base. Shielded behind steel plate, breathless, they encounter:

An ARTHROPOiD, right next to their HEADS--

Thing ATTACKS, but YANG KICKS like Bruce Lee-- ARTHROPOiD tumbles-- FOSTER STABS IT with SCREWDRIVER-- PAINED DIGITAL CHIRP.

YANG
The virus came alive!

FOSTER
They're carrying the code.

ARTHROPOiD monitor glitches disturbing images: Other ARTHROPOiDS probe dish transducer above-- Scan maps-- Decipher broadcast codes-- Surf snatches of CNN, Home Shopping, Pat Robertson--

FOSTER
They could broadcast, spread all over the world--

YANG thinks quick: Inside dish base, there's a ring of EXPLOSIVE BOLTS -- YELLOW & BLACK STRIPED -- linked to computer control box.

YANG
The antennas have self-destruct systems--

FOSTER
How do we trigger them?

YANG ducks them along an armored catwalk, heading to the bridge.

87 MAIN DECK:

CAPTAIN POWELL calls off the shooting.

C.J.
I got 'em! The million bucks is mine!

CRANDLE
Bullshit. I hit them first!

CAPT POWELL
Nobody hit them! Crandle, get your ass around starboard--

SVENSON and RUSH arrive on deck, spinning paranoid.

RUSH
Ship's got KOOTIES!

RITCHIE
Kooties?!

CAPT POWELL
Talk slow. What the hell you yakin' about?

SVENSON
There's some kind of remote-control robots.

CRANDLE
Captain, these men have been taking drugs.

RUSH
Yeah, but we saw 'em! They stole my tunes!

CHIHUAHUA YELPS-- RITCHIE feels something on his neck--
Porthole behind him blooms with ARTHROPOiDS--

RITCHIE
AHHHHHHHH!!!

Others spin, SHOCKED--

C.J.
Kooties.

POWELL FIRES-- ARTHROPOiDS scatter fast, firing NAIL GUNS--
Drive CREW to cover--

CHIHUAHUA leaps into RITCHIE'S arms-- They RUN--

POWELL and C.J. scale to the dish observation deck, find the wrecked ARTHROPOiD.

CAPT POWELL
Some kinda' Chinese high-tech weapon! Foster and China Doll are using them against us!

88 INT. MACHINE SHOP - STORMY DAY.

APIA grits his teeth, grips the last, deepest steel dart... PULLS it from the flesh of his shoulder.

Sparks fly, as SEAN saws the steel door panel. He pauses, hears HELL BREAKING LOOSE on the decks above. APIA KICKS the panel, but it needs more sawing. SEAN lays the spinning blade back to it.

89 INT. BRIDGE - STORMY DAY.

HOOKER hears shouting, but remains at the helm. He smacks his walkie-talkie, can't get it working.

FOSTER and YANG drop from an overhead hatch, skirting his view, hurrying to:

90 BRIDGE -- REAR EQUIPMENT ROOM:

FOSTER goes to a window as--

YANG opens a rack of twelve locked circuits -- yellow & black striped. She unlocks a battery-key device, inserts it-- Count-down blinks: 10... 9.... 8...

91 EXT. SATELLITE DISH BASE:

Yellow & black explosive bolts: 7... 6... 5...

92 SATELLITE DISH TRANSDUCER:

Thick with ARTHROPOiDS. Joining into a robotic daisy chain, merging circuits, plugging into the TRANSDUCER.

DIGITAL CHIRP RISING--

93 EARTH ORBIT:

SATELLITE gets bursts of DIGITAL SCREAM, but choppy and distorted. Dish adjusts to zero on it--

94 EXT. SATELLITE DISH BASE:

2... 1... BLAAAAAAA-- BOLTS EXPLODE--

95 OBSERVATION DECK / SATELLITE DISH:

CAPTAIN POWELL and C.J. notice above their heads:

Massive SATELLITE DISH WOBBLES OFF ITS BASE--

96 TRANSDUCER:

ARTHROPOiDS jar apart, breaking the connection.

97 EARTH ORBIT:

SATELLITE: DIGITAL CHIRP POPS OFF. Before the antenna aligns to receive it clearly.

98 EXT. MAIN DECK:

RITCHIE runs like hell, clutching CHIHUAHUA. Stops. Seems safe. But a shadow grows over them.

They simultaneously look up--

SATELLITE DISH TOPPLES straight for them--

RITCHIE and CHIHUAHUA EXIT FAST-- DISH CRASHES where they stood, does a half-pirouette, tips over rail--

ARTHROPOiDS let go of DISH, bind into a CHAIN, flip airborne. DISH SPLASHES and sinks but--

ARTHROPOiD CHAIN SEIZES ship's rail, slithers back onboard.

99 INT. BRIDGE EQUIPMENT ROOM:

FOSTER spots thru window: Antenna at stern, crawling with ARTHROPOiDS.

FOSTER
Aft VHF tower!

YANG finds the circuit, inserts detonator key.

100 EXT. MAIN DECK:

BLAUUUUU-- POWELL sees aft TOWER crash, ARTHROPOiDS jumping clear. At the bow: RADAR DISH blows off its mount, tumbles into thrashing sea.

C.J.
Somebody's blowing our ship apart!

101 INT. ENGINE ROOM:

Machine shop door sparks-- Cut-square KLANGS out.

SEAN and APIA pop thru, shotguns angry. Engine room is dark quiet, but it sounds like war from the deck above.

102 STAIRWAY / WEAPONS LOCKER:

SEAN races up stairs, APIA huffs and puffs. They detour: SEAN remembers a weapons locker. They grab out large-bore MACHINE GUNS, ammo, grenade belts.

103 EXT. MAIN DECK - STORMY DAY.

SVENSON, RUSH and CRANDLE fire on ARTHROPOiDS, but the nasty critters move with infuriating speed.

CRANDLE rounds a corner, spots a lone ARTHROPOiD stuck in fish netting. Smiles, shotgun point blank--

BLAM! ARTHROPOiD flies to bits--

CRANDLE
Teach you a lesson.

He turns to gloat-- Is answered by DIGITAL WAR-CRY.

In two seconds, vengeful ARTHROPOiDS LEAP from all directions. CRANDLE screams and flails, runs, trips--

ARTHROPOiDS NAIL his hands and feet to the deck-- GOUGE his eyes with pliers, RAM screwdrivers in his ears-- One squats, pees battery acid down his throat.

CRANDLE
ARRRRRAAAGGHHHH!!!

SVENSON and RUSH see it, jaws dropping.

RUSH
Ouch.

One LOOK from PISSED ARTHROPOiDS, they SCAT--

104 INT. BRIDGE:

FOSTER (O.S.)
(muffled)
Bow LFR dish!

HOOKER enters, not sure he heard something. Clenches shotgun, heads for the equipment room.

Stops. Chews tobacco. Notices:

An ARTHROPOiD clings to the pilot's wheel. It's got probes in HIS spit cup, SLURPING.

HOOKER
Bloody hell...

SMACKS it with his gun barrel. ARTHROPOiD crashes floor belly-up, stunned, legs cycling. Disgusted, HOOKER leans for a closer look.

Bad idea.

ARTHROPOiD spits tobacco juice in his eyes-- Legs REVERSE, thing LEAPS at HIM--

SHOTGUN GOES OFF--

105 EXT. OBSERVATION DECK:

C.J. notices below: CRANDLE'S corpse being dragged off by ARTHROPOiDS.

C.J.
Damnit Earl, you're the captain... DO SOMETHING!

POWELL boils, but then glimpses: FOSTER, in the aft bridge window, signaling YANG at the equipment rack.

CAPT POWELL
Boil the tar and pluck the feathers. Yonder be our perpetrators.

He signals SVENSON and RUSH, slips away with C.J....

106 STERN DECK / MAIN DECK:

Another DISH crashes, rolls into the sea--

SEAN and APIA emerge on deck, now armed with grenades and MACHINE GUNS.

They spot a cluster of ARTHROPOiDS and OPEN FIRE--

RARARARARAUGH--

Machine guns work better: ARTHROPOiDS blow apart, MORE scatter for cover.

SEAN rushes the deck, finds Crandle's blue hat rolling in the wind. Around a corner, under a shroud of debris:

CRANDLE'S CORPSE, partially dismantled. ARTHROPOiDS dissect it, strip out bone, muscle and viscera.

APIA
Holy Mother of pearl--

One ARTHROPOiD has a REMOVED EYEBALL, has embedded tiny wires. EYEBALL-VIEW flashes another ARTHROPOiD'S TV "head": Image clarifies-- It's SEAN and APIA, gawking.

SEAN FIRES-- RARARARARA-- EYEBALL ARTHROPOiD blows to bits--

A crafty ARTHROPOiD rises from Crandle's dismantled leg and foot-- Has transplanted HUMAN TISSUE to augment its own HIDE LEGS: Muscle and bone, micro-fused to metal, stimulated by fiber optics.

BIG-LEG ARTHROPOiD jumps HIGH and FAST, evading machine-gun blasts-- Disappears in a doorway--

107 INT. STORAGE ROOM - STORMY DAY.

SEAN kicks away dark clutter, fires on BIG-LEG ARTHROPOiD. Damn thing is FASTER NOW, leaps from pipe to shelf with frog-like agility--

SEAN lobs a grenade-- Makes for the door--

BIG-LEG lands at the GRENADE. Snatches it, curious. Monitor flashes database match: "GRENADE". Then, blinking red: "EXPLOSIVE".

BIG-LEG drops GRENADE.

Too late.

BLAAAUUUU-- Flesh and metal spray--

108 EXT. MAIN DECK - STORMY DAY.

DIGITAL CHIRP transmits HARSH WARNING -- ARTHROPOiDS disappear into doorways and crevices.

SEAN and APIA spin back-to-back, weapons ready.

There's nothing left to shoot.

109 INT. BRIDGE EQUIPMENT ROOM - STORMY DAY.

YANG jams key in last circuit: Final antenna bites the dust.

FOSTER turns from window, meets gun-metal justice--

C.J.
Babs. Time for that body piercing.

FOSTER ducks, shotgun BLAZES-- Electronics shatter--

POWELL is there, joins FIRING-- YANG and FOSTER dive thru EXPLODING ELECTRONICS, escape into:

110 BRIDGE:

YANG and FOSTER run up against: SVENSON and RUSH coming in--

HOOKER remains at the pilot wheel, glancing back.

YANG pulls her knife, but it's nothing against four shotguns. She's pinned against a wall with FOSTER.

POWELL'S ready to shoot, but he's smart:

CAPT POWELL
Svenson. Earn a million.

C.J.
Hey, I found 'em! It's my million.

CAPT POWELL
You'll get plenty Sweetpea. Let Mr. Svenson have this honor.

SVENSON
I see. So you can dangle a murder rap over my head? Cut down my share?

RUSH
Put a bag over their heads, I'll do it.

FOSTER'S voice comes like a freight train:

FOSTER
GO AHEAD AND KILL US, YOU BUNCH OF GREEDY, SHORT-SIGHTED SCUMBAGS! WE ARE THE ONLY CHANCE YOU'VE GOT OF STAYING ALIVE!

The sheer force of such an outburst from FOSTER gives everyone pause.

YANG
Those creatures were built by a <u>computer virus</u>. It originates from outer space!

FOSTER
A <u>computer virus</u> is what sunk the Electra, its what killed Yang's crew. It will swat you like flies unless we find a way to shut it down.

Scoffing all around.

C.J.
Foster, you're pathetic.

RUSH
Yeah, die like a man.

CAPT POWELL
You two have gone and done everything in your power to keep us from getting this ship to Pago Pago. Then you go and damage the goods so it ain't worth as much. Talk 'til your blue in the face, I ain't gonna have no sympathy.

SVENSON
Let's split the blame and the million. Do it firing squad style, all at once.

Agreed. Shotguns come up...

SEAN
Hold it. They're mine.

SEAN enters, armed to the teeth, trailed by APIA.

CAPT POWELL
It's about god-damn time, Sean! Redeem yourself and finish this!

FOSTER stammers, shielding YANG from SEAN'S case-hardened stare and massive machine guns.

FOSTER
Sean...

SEAN
Not a word.
(to others)
What I've seen of these bugs, they're nothing a human could make. Chinese or otherwise. I don't know what Foster and this woman are onto, but I say we keep 'em alive 'til we know for sure. Else we could end up like Crandle.

SVENSON and RUSH trade a look. Don't want that.

CAPT POWELL
Sean, I gave you an ORDER! Now take care of these women, get your ass down there and start them engines!

FOSTER'S eyes lock on SEAN'S: A plea for sanity, a promise of anything.

SEAN
I don't think it's a good idea, Boss.

C.J.
Nobody hired you to <u>think</u>-- DO IT.

But SEAN makes no move. POWELL reddens, raises his own shotgun to do it. SEAN grabs the barrel. They lock in a tense stand-off.

CAPT POWELL
Ooooo... Sean Boy. Big mistake. Mr. Hooker, handcuff this mutineer!

HOOKER remains at the pilot wheel, chewing, not turning.

Then... All react, as the ship SHUDDERS.

APIA
The engines started.

C.J.
Who started them?!

RUSH
Who cares? We're moving!

At the helm, HOOKER spins the wheel like mad, eyes on the open sea.

111 WAN XUAN HULL - UNDERWATER:

PROPELLERS churn full. Huge RUDDER adjusts.

112 INT. BRIDGE - STORMY DAY.

Ship surges forward. Tensions shift. CAPTAIN POWELL breaks from SEAN, checks his pocket compass.

CAPT POWELL
Mr. Hooker, correct your course! Pago Pago is thirty degrees hard starboard!

HOOKER keeps spinning the wrong way, not looking--

HOOKER
Ch-ch-ch-br-mk-mk-mk--

CAPT POWELL
MR. HOOKER!

HOOKER
Mk-mk-drrr--

CAPT POWELL
What's the god-damn PROBLEM
around this place?!

He flings away, grabs the wheel himself. But it seizes up. Won't budge.

HOOKER'S eyes glaze. Throat gurgles, drool coming off his chin... Tobacco juice, turning BRIGHT RED... He STRAIGHTENS: Stiffer than his spine has been in thirty years. Jacket falls open, revealing a blood-soaked shirt.

CREW SEES: The ARTHROPOiD, buried in HOOKER'S chest.

APIA
It's in him!

FOSTER and YANG reflex forward, but SVENSON'S still got them covered.

SEAN raises his machine gun. But it looks like HOOKER needs a surgeon, not a soldier. ARTHROPOiD flexes deeper, disappearing inside his bloated belly.

RUSH
(amazed, to HOOKER)
Can you feel that?

HOOKER GROWLS-- Becomes DIGITAL SCREAM, wet and mammalian-- He grabs his other wrist, SLAMS his forearm down on the wheel-- BREAKING HIS OWN ARM-- SHATTERED arm-bones RIP thru skin.

HOOKER coils back AND--

STABS CAPTAIN POWELL'S NECK with splintered-bone.

CAPT POWELL
ARRRGGGHHHH!!!

HOOKER'S EYEBALLS POP OUT of the SOCKETS-- Gripped by coiled metal brackets and blinking fiber optics.

SEAN throws POWELL clear-- Machine gun--

BLAAHAHAHAHAAA! Bullets rip HOOKER'S body-- But under the skin, metal cuts flesh, reorganizes--

FOSTER and YANG yank pistols off stunned SVENSON, join APIA FIRING--

HOOKER'S body bleeds like a sieve, but it HURLS ITSELF over consoles-- Trips, collapses--

FOSTER and YANG lead a charge behind computers:

HOOKER'S body spasms, flesh and fabric TEAR-- With a bone-chilling RIP, a METAL-MESHED SPINE arches OUT of the back, bringing BONE, MUSCLE and HUMAN VISCERA, interwoven with BLIPPING CIRCUITRY.

Blood-dripping ape-thing rises from remains of Hooker--

Meet a HOMiNOiD.

It's the first crude attempt by the ViRUS to integrate biological and mechanical components. Wired human EYE-BALLS rise off a bare brain. Human lower jaw chomps steel "upper lip". Mouth OPENS, dribbles tobacco slime--

Unleashes a hellish DIGITAL SCREAM--

SHOCKED GUNFIRE from the humans send it SPRINGING hyper-ape-style-- FLIPS, CRASHES a window, ESCAPES onto the main deck--

FOSTER catches a guileless stare from CAPTAIN POWELL. He clings to the frozen pilot wheel, hand on his bloody neck.

FOSTER
Believe us now?

CAPT POWELL
Kill that god-damn thing!

SEAN leads the CHARGE onto the deck--

Pilot wheel breaks free. Its drive-chain flops loose. Crudely-chopped chain end rides up from below decks, flipping off the wheel's gear.

C.J.
We're fucked.

113 EXT. MAIN DECK - STORMY DAY.

RITCHIE ventures out of hiding, clutching CHIHUAHUA, scared out of his mind...

Hears voices, turns-- FREEZES:

HOMiNOiD comes at him full speed, STOPS right in his face, EYEBALLS STARING, bloody-boned LIMBS poised--

RITCHIE shits his pants. Then, he does the only thing he can possibly think of: He THROWS the CHIHUAHUA and RUNS, screaming bloody murder--

HOMiNOiD catches YIPING CHIHUAHUA like a football, unleashes Tarzan DIGITAL SCREAM, bolts in a doorway and disappears into darkness--

SEAN and FOSTER hurry along the deck, APIA and YANG close behind-- Follow viscera trail in door, down stairs--

SVENSON, RUSH and C.J. hang back, chicken.

114 BELOW DECK - CORRIDOR / CREW QUARTERS - DARK.

SEAN leads with a flashlight, passing a shotgun and ammo to FOSTER. They need each other now, no time for talk. Likewise, APIA hands off weapons to YANG.

They track viscera into a dark corridor. It's quiet down here, except CHIHUAHUA MEWLING echoes somewhere deep...

They come to a bulkhead door, partially open. Fresh viscera marks where the HOMiNOiD slipped into the narrow opening.

FOSTER, YANG and APIA poise their gun/lights, as SEAN grabs the door and PULLS--

BULKHEAD DOOR SWINGS--

CHINESE CORPSES TUMBLE OUT.

FOSTER gasps and recoils. YANG braces herself at the sight of asphyxiated shipmates, naked except for underwear.

YANG
They woke up dying.

SEAN leads the grim task, stepping over the corpses, in thru the bulkhead door, followed by FOSTER, APIA and YANG. They swing gun/lights, moving thru CREW SLEEPING QUARTERS where many more Chinese Sailors lie dead in their bunks.

They pause, listen for distant Chihuahua cries...

Bedsheets MOVE. Metal ARTHROPOiD LEGS slip under a blanket, toward a CORPSE.

FOSTER swings her light, sees it--

FOSTER
There!

APIA FIRES--

DIGITAL SCREAM rises around them-- ALL SIDES--

Flashlights swing over lockers and blankets-- Every BUNK SHUDDERS--

CORPSES WRITHE and SPLIT--

HOMiNOiDS exude from EVERY CORPSE-- Dozens-- Chaos explodes-- GUNFIRE and strobing bloody circuitry, feather pillows ripping midair--

HOMiNOiDS leap, ATTACK with BONE-SHARD limbs, cling and dart, fiber-optics streak shadows-- DIGITAL SCREAM goes SHRILL-- An alien monkey-house at feeding time-- Impossible--

YANG is SLAMMED against a wall. APIA fires on a HOMiNOiD, grapples YANG under his arm and retreats.

APIA
Back out!

A HOMiNOiD KNOCKS SEAN flat, stands on his chest, ready to slice. FOSTER fires at it-- HOMiNOiD DARTS away, barely distracted--

APIA grapples YANG out the bulkhead-- HOMiNOiDS LEAP from all sides-- FOSTER and SEAN squeeze out, FIRING to keep door clear-- Swing door shut, but a single HOMiNOiD rockets thru--

Clings to APIA, STABBING BONE--

APIA
ARGGHHHFUCKIN--

FOSTER jams shotgun to its spine, FIRES-- HOMiNOiD twitches, keeps clinging-- BLAM! Releases. APIA shakes off ravaged HOMiNOiD, as SEAN and YANG seal the bulkhead.

Lights quiver from above: POWELL, C.J., SVENSON, RUSH and RITCHIE arrive to see twitching remains of the HOMiNOiD--

FOSTER
There must be fifty of them!

From the ship's lower recesses, DIGITAL SCREAM resounds: Like some insurrection in a robotic asylum.

SEAN
Seal every bulkhead!

As the CREW mobilizes, C.J. turns to a stunned RITCHIE.

C.J.
Ritchie... Where's Precious?

115 EXT. TYPHOON SEA -- STORMY DAY:

Wind thrashes BLACK WAVES. STORM closes over a foresaken piece of ocean.

WAN XUAN surges full speed thru it. DIGITAL SCREAM reverberates steel hull: Chant of otherworldly Vikings on their one-way trip to Valhalla.

116 EXT. MAIN DECK - STORMY DAY.

Rain-slicked, raked by wind. APIA seals a bulkhead, nervously chains it shut. Further along the devastated deck, SEAN seals another. They meet and head for the stern.

APIA
That's all the bulkheads.

They're spooked by relentless DIGITAL SCREAMS and INDUSTRIOUS CLANGING from below deck.

APIA
Think it'll keep them down there?

SEAN
Yeah... Until they figure it's time to come have us for supper.

FOSTER and YANG maneuver up a stairway, lugging the plastic-wrapped HOMiNOiD carcass. SEAN and APIA stand aside, puzzled.

After a beat, SEAN follows them.

117 INT. BRIDGE - STORMY DAY.

The pilot wheel drifts aimlessly off its chain.

CAPTAIN POWELL compares his compass to the ship's stormy course. His neck is roughly bandaged, his arm's in a splint. C.J. swigs a bottle of Chinese liquor, on the verge of hysteria.

CAPT POWELL
Course is steady, due east. Bastards are controlling the rudder from down below.

C.J.
Where they taking us?!

CAPT POWELL
It ain't Pago Pago--

C.J.
We're their hostages! We're not taking this ship anywhere, they're taking <u>us</u>. We got no life boats, we got no radios.
(more...)

C.J. (Cont'd)
Admit it Captain, we're gonna get torn limb-from-limb by those things, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it--!

POWELL grabs her hard, seething with bloodshot rage:

CAPT POWELL
Sweetpea, ain't nobody or no thing can outfox this Captain. Come hell or high taxes, I'm takin' this ship to Pago Pago and getting my money for it.

He thumbs a blueprint of the ship, studying the complex layout of corridors and bays.

C.J. JOLTS. Her bottle smashes the floor--

It's SEAN, opening the door. FOSTER and YANG bring in the HOMiNOiD carcass, slide it onto a table.

C.J.
Get that stinking thing outta here!

FOSTER
This IS the computer virus. We destroyed the antennas so it couldn't broadcast its code around the world. It built itself into physical form, it's down there now, evolving and multiplying, doing whatever it needs to, to get off this ship. If we don't stop them soon--

C.J.
Are you crazy?! Let 'em get off! We'll get our ship back!

YANG
If a single one of them reaches land, or has access to a even one communications circuit, the entire world is at risk--

C.J.
Shut up, China Babe! You got no say in this! I don't give a damn about the world!

CAPTAIN POWELL shoves C.J. out into the storm, slams the door.

FOSTER and YANG gather test equipment and battery-lights, arranging a crude autopsy theater.

CAPT POWELL
Exactly how you intend on stopping them, Miss Foster?

FOSTER
First, I'm going to examine this specimen. If I can tap into its central processor and analyze its logic code, maybe we can find a way to use it against them.

CAPT POWELL
You figure how to beat them bastards, Miss Foster, I'll make it worth your while.
(smiles at YANG)
Your girlfriend too.

FOSTER and YANG don't believe it for a second. They stop what they're doing and wait for the room to clear.

FOSTER
If you don't mind. I work better without distractions.

POWELL swallows his pride, hates being at their mercy. But he smiles, rolls his ship blueprint, heads for the door. Stops beside SEAN:

CAPT POWELL
They like you, Sean Boy. See they get the job done, hear? You holler.

POWELL exits, joins cussing wet C.J. outside. SEAN closes the door, remains inside to guard the operation.

FOSTER and YANG click on lights, peel plastic off the HOMiNOiD carcass. Stolen human EYEBALLS stare lifeless, held by crushed wires and bloody metal... We see close for the first time: Fiber optics woven into human tissue with unearthly precision, metal into bone...

DIGITAL SCREAMS resound below decks, haunting, as FOSTER lowers a knife and carefully SLICES...

118 EXT. STERN DECK - STORMY DAY.

APIA patrols in a poncho, lashed by rain. On the heli-pad: SVENSON, RUSH and RITCHIE are dumping two garbage bags into the sea: The remains of Hooker and Crandle, identifiable only by their respective hats.

RITCHIE drops to his knees, sobbing and heaving:

RITCHIE
I'm too young to end up in a Hefty bag! I gotta get off this ship, gotta...

He rivets on: A tattered, flaccid rubber dinghy. He rushes to it, desperately blowing an inflater nozzle.

SVENSON pockets Hooker's watch, throws up a rain hood. Works his calculator.

SVENSON
You want out, Ritchie? That would put the rest of us up to six point six six million.

RUSH
Cookin.

RUSH snarfs Cap'n Crunch, attempts to blow a tune on Crandle's first-mate whistle.

APIA
Give the dead a minute for Christ sake. Could be you next time.

APIA gazes off the stern, bandages oozing, plagued by the WARPED SOUNDS below deck.

APIA
This ain't Star Trek, man, this is some dirty shit. Damn things near took my head away, and all you can talk about is how <u>money</u> you're gonna make... They went from inside a computer into robotic ape mother-fuckers in two hours. Whatta you bet they'll turn into next?... Man, it's US against THEM. If we don't stick together, we're finished.

SVENSON and RUSH trade a dismissive giggle. Two vultures, stoned fearless.

RITCHIE gives up blowing: The dinghy is hopelessly rotted. He pops a flap, finds a repair kit. Uncapping a bottle of glue, he sets about patching the first of a hundred holes.

119 INT. BRIDGE - STORMY DAY.

Ship crashes forward, storm beating the windows. SEAN finds a cigarette, lights it. He counts ammo, re-loads his weapons. Across the bridge, in a meager pool of light:

FOSTER and YANG are bent over the HOMiNOiD CARCASS, cutting back layers of bloody tissue, revealing wires and metal components. Like surgeons, they quietly chat:

YANG
...How did someone as smart as you end up on a crew of detestable sailors?

SEAN hears this, offended, but not looking at them.

FOSTER
Convicted murderer? Hired assassin? He qualifies.

SEAN draws on his cigarette, cleans a gun breech.

FOSTER follows a bundle of fiber optics, cutting along the carcass's metal-linked spine, returning to YANG'S query:

FOSTER
I was in the Navy. Same as you. There was a Commander who came onto me...

YANG
He wanted sex.

FOSTER nods. YANG says the word in Chinese. Every country's got a word for it.

FOSTER
I told him no. Happened five times, each time I said no. Ten weeks go by, nothing. Then I'm on the carrier JFK, pulled night radar watch. This same C.O. is in the tower. He screws up, an F-18 lands short, pilot dies. He doctored the records and pinned it on me.

YANG sees FOSTER'S anger give force to her knife: Slices the HOMiNOiD'S human brain, exposes a CENTRAL CIRCUIT BOARD encased in milky blue gel.

FOSTER
He got promoted, I got court marshaled... I took the only job I could find.

YANG
It's not fair... And yet, if you had not been on this voyage, I would be dead right now.

They look at SEAN. He's got a roll of tape now, rigging a grenade belt.

YANG
Not that my life matters. But the virus would have broadcast thru the satellite, it could have infected the entire world by now.

FOSTER
Why do you think your life doesn't matter?

YANG
I was monitoring the stars out of my own curiosity, it was not my assignment. If I had not been recording when the nova exploded, the virus signal would have passed the Earth harmlessly. My crew would be alive. Your friends...

FOSTER
It was nobody's fault. You survived for a reason. To help stop the virus.

YANG contemplates, touching a small amulet at the cleft of her blouse: An I-Ching symbol, TA CHUANG. Six silver bars, two top ones broken in the middle.

FOSTER
Let's probe it with 5.6 volts.

YANG sets up a portable oscilloscope: A lunch-box sized testing device with a small video screen and dozens of knobs and probe jacks.

SEAN crosses rain-splattered glass, approaches for a look at the splayed carcass. FOSTER ignores, bending open blue gel to reveal: A computer circuit board, heavily modified.

SEAN
Can you keep the truth to yourself?

A glance from FOSTER as she keeps working.

SEAN
Captain wanted you taken out, but that's not who I am anymore. If I'd told him no, he woulda' done it some other way. I had a plan, I was trying to tell you when she busted my kidneys.

Grudging nod to YANG for martial technique. FOSTER stretches probe tools from the oscilloscope, needs to get where he's standing.

FOSTER
Excuse me.

SEAN moves. She touches the probes onto various hotpoints on the Hominoid central circuit board... Wave-forms dance the oscilloscope's blue and black screen.

SEAN
...I figured to stow you in the aft purser's cabin with food and water, wrap a couple of the other bodies and pitch them overboard for the Captain. When we got to port, I was gonna slip you off the stern to swim.

FOSTER glances at him. She's in no mood for this. She returns to her task, probing further, causing a crude, distorted video image to appear on the scope screen.

FOSTER
Sean, you told Powell you should keep us alive "'til we know for sure." Little slip? What happens when you don't need us anymore?

SEAN
That's just... There's certain ways you gotta talk to the Captain.

FOSTER
Mm-hmm... Well, if we all make it thru this alive, maybe I'll have a reason to believe you're more than you appear to be.

She goes back to work. SEAN looks at YANG, but she quickly returns her eyes to the carcass as well.

SEAN
That's gratitude...

FOSTER'S probe touches a LIVE CIRCUIT-- BURST of DIGITAL CODE--

HOMiNOiD APPENDAGE SPASMS-- CLINGS to FOSTER'S ARM-- FOSTER fights to get it off-- CLAWS grip like a vice--

SEAN pulls a LARGE HUNTING KNIFE, JAMS it into the APPENDAGE, SLICES and TUGS at TWITCHING MUSCLE and BLINKING FIBER-OPTICS, SEVERING the lines--

The APPENDAGE quivers, loosening its hold on FOSTER.

SEAN slices deeper, the APPENDAGE to fall limp... Hearts pound. FOSTER is wide-eyed on SEAN.

YANG
Look.

The scope screen comes alive, as DIGITAL PATTERNS form a MOVING IMAGE, eerie tech-blue and gray:

An ALIEN WORLD. The WINDY surface of a horrific PLANET. A soul-less place, with vast structures of squirming bio-machine PARASITIC ORGANISMS, feeding off one another, giving birth to one another, exchanging DIGITAL VIBRATIONS like bodily fluids. They cover the landscape, as far as the eye can see.

YANG
It's their world... The world the super nova destroyed.

SEAN
Thank God for small favors.

YANG
They used the nova to beam their code across the universe, like dandelion seeds on the wind. Searching for a world with the technology to receive it. A world with the technology to support its rebirth.
(re: image...)
It is what they would make of the Earth.

FOSTER crosses herself, pinching her eyes to think:

FOSTER
The <u>sound</u> is the virus's code. It's pure intelligence, like DNA. The <u>code</u> is what survives, thru outer space, now here. The code uses what it finds to built itself into physical form, to evolve and reproduce. But no matter what form it takes, there's always the code.

She turns up the tinny speaker, bringing the DIGITAL CODE to harmonize with the UGLY VERSION raging below deck.

FOSTER
If we could amplify the code sound near the creatures, but alter its phase...

YANG
Like jamming a radio frequency?

FOSTER
Yeah. It could disrupt their logic functions.

SEAN
Mean like a stun gun?

FOSTER
Yes... It could paralyze them long enough for us to blow them away with conventional weapons.

SEAN backs off, skeptical but impressed, as FOSTER and YANG gather parts to build the device.

120 EXT. MAIN DECK / STERN DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

NIGHT has COME... STORM RAGES FULL. SHIP PLOWS THRU CRASHING WAVES.

Flashlight slices rain: APIA ducks beneath the heli-pad. There -- remarkably -- RITCHIE has gotten the rubber dinghy patched up like a quilt. He finishes blowing it full of air, comes up a hyperventilated wreck.

APIA
Ritchie, you'll get nowhere but drowned in this storm. Let's go, we got safety in numbers.

RITCHIE clings to his dinghy and make-shift oars.

RITCHIE
No! Get away! I'm not going down there!

APIA
If we don't stop them virus things, they're gonna stop us! Come on, we're all in this together!

APIA pulls a knife, RITCHIE YELPS-- APIA STABS the dinghy, which instantly deflates.

RITCHIE
NO! NOOO!

APIA hustles him toward...

121 INT/EXT. CANOPY OFF MAIN DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

POWELL'S fingers trace ship blueprint: Stairs lead to a RUDDER CONTROL ROOM.

CAPT POWELL
Work our way down here, get control of the rudder, turn this ship toward Pago Pago...

C.J.
You can do that?

CAPT POWELL
Stick with me, Sweetpea. Before you know it, we'll be sippin' Mumms in Malibu.

SEAN, SVENSON and RUSH outfit themselves for battle, packing GUNS, FLASHLIGHTS and GRENADES. Everybody's got lights nervously pointed at: A chained bulkhead door, beyond which resounds DIGITAL HOWLING, BANGING and WHIRRING.

FOSTER hefts a stout, jury-rigged DIGITAL STUN GUN. Fashioned with FOSTER'S resourceful use of available parts, it contains the Hominoid CENTRAL CIRCUIT BOARD, the portable oscilloscope, batteries, and a speaker mounted onto a large plastic pipe carved into an acoustical resonator tube.

YANG triggers a switch: GUN emits DIGITAL WAIL. FOSTER adjusts knobs, TWISTING the SOUND.

FOSTER
It's going to take experimentation to get the phase cancellation right.

C.J.
We don't have time for experiments.

SEAN
After it stuns one of them, the rest of us open fire. Try to conserve ammo, we're low.

CAPT POWELL
And if this contraption of yours don't work, Miss Foster?

FOSTER fusses with STUN GUN controls, not answering.

SEAN
Then back out fast.

APIA drags RITCHIE out of the storm: SVENSON shoves a shotgun in his hands, RUSH offers a hit from his joint.

RITCHIE
I can't do this! I voted for gun control! I don't eat red meat! I'm a <u>pussy</u>!

APIA
Keep telling yourself: "Yea, though I walk thru the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for I am the evilest son-of-a-bitch in the valley."

SEAN moves to unchain the bulkhead.

FOSTER turns aside, fidgets with STUN GUN: Wave-form jitters. She jogs wires, checks batteries. Shotgun drops off her shoulder, sea spray whistles down her neck.

FOSTER
Shit.

YANG throws a poncho over them, finds the loose connection. Nervous whispers:

YANG
You okay?

FOSTER
Yeah... No. If it doesn't work, I'll get us all killed, the virus will reach land anyway. And if it does work and we save these guy's lives, they'll throw us overboard.

YANG tightens a wire. Wave-form stabilizes... She checks FOSTER'S eyes... Unfastens her AMULET.

YANG
Ta Chuang, the symbol of Great Strength. My grandmother wore it for ninety-two years. Now, it is for you.

YANG clasps the amulet around FOSTER'S neck. FOSTER can't find words. YANG wraps steady hands around FOSTER'S trembling hands, eyes radiating the peace of a Buddist monk.

FOSTER
Yang... You're the only one I can depend on.

YANG
You don't need me. But always know I'm right beside you.

122 INT. STAIRWAY / LOWER DECKS - DARK.

From inside, BULKHEAD DOOR OPENS... HUMAN WARRIORS poke flashlight/guns into HOWLING DARKNESS.

SEAN and FOSTER lead, then APIA and YANG. POWELL and C.J. shield themselves behind a saucer-eyed RITCHIE. SVENSON and RUSH bring up the rear, locking the bulkhead behind them.

They tread down metal stairs, lights coming onto: Conduits and computer panels, disgorged of components, streaked with blood and viscera.

APIA
Suckers been busy.

POWELL checks his blueprint, indicates a landing. They pass into...

123 GALLEY - DARK:

Flashlights find: An open meat-locker, spilling rancid BEEF SIDES, WHOLE PIGS and CHICKENS, dismantled with meticulous purpose, leaving little behind.

Gulps among the humans.

RITCHIE
(falsetto)
"Yea, though I walk thru the valley of the shadow of death I-- I--"

CAPT POWELL
Shut up Ritchie. Turn left up here.

FOSTER tenses her DIGITAL STUN GUN, fingers on controls. Moves into...

124 DARK CORRIDOR / SUPPLY ROOM:

SEAN leads single-file advance, RUSH brings up rear, bouncing backward. Closer to HOWLING, CLANGING MADNESS...

KRAWWWWWGGHHHH--

They REACT-- WALL sprays ORANGE SPARKS--

SPINNING SAW slices steel from the other side, CHOPPING out a precise shape.

SEAN signals them thru a door, maneuvering behind the source of sawing, into:

Debris-strewn SUPPLY ROOM.

FOSTER and YANG duck into firing position, prep the DIGITAL STUN GUN--

There: Beyond askew shelves, in the spark-lighted darkness, the MANIC MOVEMENTS of:

A BiO-MECHANOiD...

It represents the next generation of ViRUS evolution: Human-sized CREATURE, refined mechanical robotic creatures -- FASTER, STRONGER, amazingly PRECISE -- evolved to include the most efficient features of insects, primates, cow and chicken anatomy, powered by micro-implanted fiber-optics and computer circuitry.

The BiO-MECHANOiD wields a built-in SAW, milling STEEL PARTS right out of the wall.

Second BiO-MECHANOiD appears at the exact instant needed, exchanges DIGITAL CHATTER, carts away STEEL PARTS with blinding speed, down a newly-sawn JAGGED HOLE in the floor.

POWELL signals FOSTER to get on with it.

FOSTER grips the STUN GUN, moves toward BiO-MECHANOiD.

SEAN goes with her-- Ditto APIA and YANG, GUNS UP--

POWELL and C.J. hang back with SVENSON and RUSH. They prod RITCHIE forward, his shotgun shaking like a twig.

FOSTER moves between shelves, nearing BiO-MECHANOiD-- Settles STUN GUN into position--

PULLS SWITCH-- DIGITAL WAIL BLASTS--

BiO-MECHANOiD PIVOTS -- SINGLE WIRED CYCLOPS HUMAN EYEBALL lands on FOSTER-- Moves at her FAST, SAW BUZZING-- UNLEASHING <u>its</u> DIGITAL WAIL--

GUNS fire--

BiO-MECHANOiD DARTS too fast-- LEAPS over shelves at FOSTER, slicing air with a FRESH-CUT STEEL PLATE--

YANG adjusts STUN GUN CONTROLS-- Wave-form tightens-- SOUND strengthens--

DIGITAL WAILS clash and phase--

BiO-MECHANOiD SEIZES, PARALYZED, its claws GRIPPING a metal SHELF. It QUIVERS, CAN'T MOVE-- Circuitry STUTTERS--

It GRIPS a SHARP STEEL PLATE which has FROZEN an inch away from FOSTER'S face.

BiO-MECHANOiD reprograms it own circuits, TRYING to BREAK FREE when--

SEAN pulls FOSTER clear and--

BLAMMMMM!!! Seven GUNS rip the BiO-MECHANOiD to shreds. It falls LIMP, saw whirring, claws frozen on the rail.

FOSTER looks to YANG: Success!

RITCHIE
It works! We're not going to die!

RUSH
Kick Ass!

RRAGGGGGGHHH!!!

Second BiO-MECHANOiD LEAPS up JAGGED HOLE, SMASHING into FOSTER--

DIGITAL STUN GUN skates across the floor-- FOSTER crashes a wall-- YANG rushes to her...

WILD FIRING-- BiO-MECHANOiD MOVES too fast-- SLAMMING SEAN, RIPPING his ARM--

C.J. grabs the DIGITAL STUN GUN, STANDS with it-- SQUEEZES TRIGGER, BLASTS anti-viral WAIL--

BiO-MECHANOiD HALTS, SHUDDERS, POISED to KILL SEAN--

BLAAAAAMMMMM!!! Gunfire BLOWS APART BiO-MECHANOiD 2.

C.J.
YESSSS!

She hefts the STUN GUN, likes the feel of it.

There's massive DIGITAL HOWLING below them.

FOSTER moves to C.J., reaching for STUN GUN...

POWELL blocks FOSTER. Eyes darken. Smiles like a card shark with a lucky draw. C.J. steps back, clutching STUN GUN.

CAPT POWELL
If you don't mind, Miss Foster.

Lowers his SHOTGUN at her--

CAPT POWELL
I work better without distractions.

YANG dives FOSTER away-- BLAM! POWELL FIRES, grazing FOSTER-- She SLIPS thru the JAGGED FLOOR HOLE.

YANG aims at POWELL, but is forced to JUMP as-- SVENSON and C.J. FIRE-- YANG tumbles, DIVES down FLOOR HOLE--

CAPT POWELL
Nobody messes with the Captain.

He checks his blueprint, signals sharply. C.J. moves out with the DIGITAL STUN GUN, followed by SVENSON, RUSH and a chastened RITCHIE.

SEAN gets to his feet, machine gun coming onto POWELL. Refers to the twitching dead BiO-MECHANOiDS.

SEAN
You out of your mind!? We need all the help we can get here.

CAPT POWELL
Sean, quit thinking with your dick. We can buy us a hundred women better than them two.

SEAN
You've lost it, old man. You're no Captain anymore.

They face each other, teeth clenched, triggers tense... But can't bring themselves to shoot each other.

CAPT POWELL
Pick your poison, Sean Boy. With me? Or against me?

POWELL sneers, turns and walks away, leading the other CREW down a dark corridor.

APIA stays behind with SEAN, together they rush to check the JAGGED FLOOR HOLE--

125 CORRIDORS BELOW - DARK:

SERIES of JAGGED HOLES have been chopped in the steel floors, opening to lower levels of howling activity.

SEAN'S light strikes a corner: FOSTER aims a pistol at him.

SEAN
You don't need that.

Next to FOSTER: YANG clutches her thigh: Deep flesh-wound--

APIA
Here they come!

Up the floor hole column SWIFTLY CLIMBS a DOZEN BiO-MECHANOiDS.

SEAN and APIA drop to FOSTER, hustle YANG out of the tight space, just as--

BiO-MECHANOiDS arrive, probing, swinging beams, spreading out, DIGITAL CHORTLING--

126 CORRIDORS / LADDER-WAY--

SEAN
We've got the get up to the main deck and regroup! Help me get Yang up this ladder!

SEAN starts up a ladder-- But two levels above: BiO-MECHANOiDS are busy sawing walls--

YANG
There's another stairway, that way--

YANG points the route-- They rush thru a long corridor with no doors, DIGITAL HOWLS and INDUSTRIAL NOISE RISING FAST around them.

FOSTER
Back up!

SPARKS SPRAY thru the floor-- Spinning SAW BLADE slices steel from BELOW--

They spin--

MORE SAW BLADES pop thru other parts of the floor-- Sparks everywhere-- Entire corrdior floor is being CHOPPED APART--

Can't tell where it's safe to stand--

YANG recoils, grabbing her bloody leg: Sections pull loose under her feet-- FOSTER pivots, separated by an eight-foot gap of DROPPING FLOOR.

APIA
This way!

FOSTER turns to SEAN and APIA, but the floor to them is also COMING APART--

FOSTER is stranded on a tiny "island" of floor in the center of the corridor.

ALL FOUR gaze down, astounded:

Steel parts are chopped and carried off by <u>twenty</u> BiO-MECHANOiDS, lights crossing, DIGITAL HOWLS conversing in throaty harmony. None of them sees the HUMANS poised above.

SEAN holds off gunfire, gestures FOSTER to jump to him. It's a ten-foot gap with sharp edges.

FOSTER looks 180: YANG stands alone across a bigger gap.

YANG points to FOSTER'S shoe--

FOSTER lifts her heel-- SPARKS fly up-- WHIRRING SAW BLADE cuts the last piece of floor-- Steel plate drops out from under her--

FOSTER JUMPS--

YANG grabs her arm, but feet slip--

FOSTER'S foot pikes a BiO-MECHANOiD'S HEAD--

ALARMED DIGITAL SCREAMS from below: The INVADING HUMANS are BUSTED--

SEAN tosses an extra machine gun across the divide-- FOSTER grabs it--

SEAN
Shoot anything that moves! Get up to the entry door! Lock it from the outside until we get there!

All four OPEN FIRE into the hole--

BiO-MECHANOiDS rip and flail, but raise STEEL PARTS as shields-- BULLETS PINGING--

SEAN
Clear!

FOSTER and YANG dive away as SEAN and APIA lob grenades--

BLAAAAMMMMM!

BiO-MECHANOiD parts FLY-- But LIVE ONES regroup and SCREAM DIGITAL VENGEANCE--

FOUR STEEL-ARMORED BiO-MECHANOiDS climb up from the pit, each unfolding a gas-bottle WELDING TORCH ARM, SPEWING THIN WHITE-HOT FLAMES ten feet in front of them--

SEAN and APIA jump in side hatch, as FLAME MELTS METAL where they stood--

In the other direction: YANG and FOSTER DODGE FLAME, take a corner-- DIVE into a dark doorway:

127 SUPPLY BAY - DARK:

FOSTER and YANG click off their lights, hold their breath amid tumbled supplies...

Armored BiO-MECHANOiDS scramble past, pulsing LONG WHITE FLAMES--

Breathless, FOSTER checks YANG'S leg: Wound pumping blood. FOSTER claws open a box of gauze and sets about wrapping the leg. YANG clenches FOSTER'S shoulder in SILENT PAIN.

128 STAIRWELL / SUB-LEVEL:

Flashlights swing down dark stairs. C.J. leads with the DIGITAL STUN GUN, cocky and fast. POWELL checks his blueprint, as SVENSON, RUSH and RITCHIE follow in a cluster.

CAPT POWELL
Down one more...

RITCHIE
Captain!

BiO-MECHANOiD DARTS out a chopped ventilation duct--

C.J. triggers STUN GUN-- BiO-MECHANOiD freezes, drops in a spasm-- POWELL, SVENSON, RUSH and RITCHIE open fire, blowing it apart--

SVENSON
No contest.

They drop another level, charge a central corridor.

CAPT POWELL
Three o'clock!

C.J. WAILS STUN GUN, IMMOBILIZES ONCOMING BiO-MECHANOiD. GUNS finish it: BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

RUSH
Humans RULE!

POWELL leads them into a dark central SUB-LEVEL CORRIDOR...

But RUSH pauses, hearing...

PEARL JAM.

He shines his flashlight into:

129 SIDE CORRIDOR:

His DISCMAN lies on the floor, skipping on a riff.

RUSH
Outrageous!

He splits from the others to recover it. Straps on headphones, clips the unit to his belt. Pumps the volume. Bops to rejoin group. Stops. Smacks the unit. Music won't stop skipping.

RUSH
This sucks.

Indeed. DISCMAN UNFOLDS LEGS, sinks them into HIS HIP. DISCMAN opens, revealing BiO-MECHANiCAL circuitry. GUITAR RIFF becomes DIGITAL SCREAM--

RUSH
HUUUUUAAAAAH!!!

MASSIVE HEAD PAIN. He rips off the phones, but FIBER OPTICS have extended inside HIS EARS, coming out thru his nose and eyebrow ring holes-- He runs INTO A WALL, as three full-sized BiO-MECHANOiDS appear out of the dark to HAVE HIM--

130 SUB-LEVEL CENTRAL CORRIDOR:

CAPTAIN POWELL, C.J., RITCHIE and SVENSON hear screams, turning.

C.J.
Sounded like a woman.

CAPT POWELL
Crying shame.

Finds a loose door with a RUDDER icon--

CAPT POWELL
Glory Hallelujah. Herein lies rudder control!

Pulls the door, but it's blocked by debris-- SVENSON helps. RITCHIE paces nervously--

RITCHIE
Hey, where's Rush?

Everybody looks around. SVENSON'S light hits: RUSH'S face, coming at them, headphones blaring.

SVENSON
Idiot. Help with this door.

But RITCHIE'S light sees more: RUSH'S head has NO BODY. It's being clenched from above by a BiO-MECHANOiD CRAWLING ON THE CEILING.

RITCHIE YELPS, fires WILD--

C.J. swings DIGITAL STUN GUN, but controls BANG the wall: WAIL goes WRONG, wave-form chatters.

SVENSON and POWELL FIRE-- BiO-MECHANOiD DARTS--

C.J. fiddles STUN GUN knobs, has no idea what she's doing-- WAIL SOURS--

BiO-MECHANOiD JUMPS HER--

C.J. HITS FLOOR, SCREAMING, APPENDAGES clamping her neck--

Flashlights clatter-- GUNS SWING and FIRE-- More BiO-MECHANOiDS INCOMING--

RITCHIE SCREAMS-- Out of ammo-- THROWS his GUN-- RUNS for his LIFE--

SVENSON DODGES to a stairwell, sidesteps BiO-MECHANOiD--

POWELL crabs to screaming C.J.-- She's being MAULED, her bug-eyes plead for his help.

CAPT POWELL
Sorry babe. I feel your pain.

He SNAGS the STUN GUN from her hands and--

DARTS to the RUDDER CONTROL DOOR. He adjusts the WAIL, gets lucky. FREEZES an oncoming BiO-MECHANOiD, BLOWS it away--

SHOVES his way thru the obstructed door, slams it--

131 RUDDER CONTROL ROOM:

POWELL barricades the door, swings his light. Room is quiet, clean. Lighted. Banks of glowing control computers. Beyond glass: Huge gears turn.

POWELL grins, crosses to a far console: A navigation computer, with large electronic map: Dotted lines show the present course, taking them to a tiny island.

Nearby, there's a larger island: PAGO PAGO.

POWELL touches Pago Pago, delighted to see: The course blinks yellow, flashes "ARE YOU SURE???"

CAPT POWELL
Hell yes I'm sure. DO IT. Go to PAGO PAGO you pretty bastard!

The screen glitches, then lights with a live video image: POWELL'S BACK. Video shadows crawl with DIGITAL HASH.

POWELL SPINS, aiming DIGITAL STUN GUN and shotgun. There's nothing else in the room. Only a tiny video camera mounted near the ceiling.

Navigation computer -- now to his back -- SILENTLY OPENS, revealing an interior of BiO-MECHANOiD WORKINGS.

APPENDAGES REACH for POWELL-- DIGITAL SCREAM RISES--

POWELL gets this bad feeling, SLOWLY TURNING--

132 LADDERWAY / LAUNDRY ROOM:

SEAN and APIA scramble to get up a ladderway, but encounter two ARMORED BiO-MECHANOiDS coming from above.

They slam shut a STEEL HATCH and drop down the ladder into an laundry bay full dismantled WASHERS and DRYERS.

The HATCH above is MELTED THRU by WHITE HOT FLAMES. MELTING HOLE reveals the ARMORED BiO-MECHANOiDS, gazing angrily downward.

SEAN signals APIA: Time to fight back. They AIM MACHINE GUNS UP from either side of flame-spewing hatch.

BiO-MECHANOiD 1 DARTS down thru melted hole--

RARARARARARA--

Blows off its BACK LEGS-- Falls to floor, they blast its TORSO--

BiO-MECHANOiD 2 drops unscathed, sweeps FLAME-THROWER ARM, SEARING APIA'S GUT.

SEAN fires, drawing BiO-MECHANOiD away-- APIA dives for cover, grabs GUT, loses his machine gun-- He scrambles into a dark corridor, driven by PAIN--

BiO-MECHANOiD charges SEAN with its ten foot WHITE FLAME, thin as a pool cue, HISSING thru metal obstacles--

SEAN laterals behind washer hulks, strafed by PIERCING FLAME and SPRAYING MOLTEN METAL-- His machine gun catches a jagged bracket, gets FLAMED-- BREECH MELTS, bullets tumble out--

SEAN spots a CHOPPED HOLE in the floor-- CHUCKS his last two GRENADES, makes a run, DIVES into HOLE as--

GRANADES EXPLODE--

133 BENEATH LAUNDRY:

Driven deeper into the ship, SEAN scrambles without light, thru chopped-steel walls-- Checks ammo: One shell left. Loads melted-barrel sawed-off shotgun--

Maimed, VENGEFUL BiO-MECHANOiD leads with WHITE FLAME, drops thru ceiling hole, CRAWLS over walls and equipment, using remaining three good limbs. It comes to chopped WALL HOLE, probes blood on metal.

BiO-MECHANOiD SHOOTS WHITE FLAME thru WALL HOLE, moves forward--

SEAN waits on the other side, SHOTGUN POISED, holding off until the right instant to--

BLAM! BLOWS BiO-MECHANOiD'S ELBOW-- BiO-MECHANOiD recoils, dropping severed FLAME-THROWER-ARM-- SEAN grabs up the FLAME-THROWER-ARM, finds gas valve mechanism-- SPINS as--

BiO-MECHANOiD COMES at him on TWO LIMBS--

SKKKRAWWWWW--

SEAN shoots WHITE FLAME, VAPORIZING a DEEP HOLE thru the BiO-MECHANOiD'S TORSO.

SEAN
Little heartburn? HUH?
Bastard.

SEAN rushes to the ceiling hole--

SEAN
Apia?!

No answer. But DIGITAL SCREAMS and WHITE FLAMES appear above, as MORE BiO-MECHANOiDS arrive on the scene--

SEAN ducks downward with severed FLAME-THROWER-ARM. Stuck with no light, he pulses short FLAME, stepping thru chopped walls, forced deeper into the ship's bowels.

134 STAIRWELL:

SVENSON races up thru darkness, cranking open the entry bulkhead, escaping to:

135 EXT. CANOPY OFF MAIN DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

SVENSON whirls to shut the bulkhead, is SLAMMED by a FLYING BODY--

It's RITCHIE -- INSANE with FEAR -- BOLTS out YELPING, doesn't even notice SVENSON... RACES down the stormy deck--

SVENSON slams the bulkhead, CHAINS it SHUT from the outside.

136 EXT. STERN DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

RITCHIE skids to his deflated dinghy, dumps glue over the knife slice, slaps on a scrap of rubber. Blows inflater nozzle, yelping--

137 INT. BELOW DECKS - CORRIDOR NEAR LAUNDRY - DARK:

APIA hunkers behind gutted equipment. Clutches his torso: BURNED DEEPLY, guts ready to fall out. He checks his ammo: ONE GRENADE left.

METAL FOOTSTEPS approach. DIGITAL GROWL. FLAME PULSE.

APIA raises a loose dish-shaped steel hatch.

BiO-MECHANOiD scans with FLAME, DARTS in the room, stops at the gutted computer. POKES its HEAD around the corner.

APIA shoves up the HATCH DOOR, concave side away. GRENADE clipped in the center-- Pin gone--

BiO-MECHANOiD DARTS-- Not fast enough--

BLAAUUUUEEEE-- Grenade EXPLODES in hatch "reflector", shrapnel ripping BiO-MECHANOiD. FLAME ARM EXPLODES--

138 LOWER CORRIDORS / STAIRWAY - DARK:

YANG'S leg, bandages stemming the flow of blood. FOSTER helps her toward a narrow stairway. They head upward, but FOSTER pauses.

FOSTER
Listen.

C.J. (O.S.)
Precious-- Precious--

FOSTER
It's C.J...

Rather than go up the stairs, they follow the voice down one level. From a doorway come purple flashing lights, DIGITAL HOWL comes in low studious bursts.

YANG
The infirmary...

139 INFIRMARY:

Medical exam room. PURPLE LASERS scan behind a hospital-bed curtain. A slithering BiO-MECHANOiD crawls under the curtain, dragging a coil of raw fiber-optics.

C.J. (O.S.)
Precious-- Here boy--

FOSTER and YANG bring up their GUNS, ease around the curtain.

At the bed, two BiO-MECHANOiDS -- like SURGEONS -- experiment on C.J.'S CORPSE, using head-mounted lasers to fuse circuitry to nerve and muscles.

C.J. CORPSE
Here b-b-b-b-oy-oy-oy--

Cap of C.J.'S skull has been neatly SAWN AWAY. A rasta hairdo of fiber-optics sprouts from her bare brain, wired to bedside circuitry.

C.J.'S re-animated EYES BUG OPEN-- CORPSE SITS UP POINTING at FOSTER -- bride of Frankenstein --

C.J. CORPSE
OY-OY-OY-OY-OY-OY!!

FOSTER and YANG open FIRE-- BLASTING BiO-MECHANOiDS--

DOC 1 BiO-MECHANOiD spins, HEAD-LASER SLICES CURTAIN, BURNS YANG'S hair-- She dives and rolls, FIRING from the floor--

140 FOSTER:

DOC 2 BiO-MECHANOiD COMES at her, not fast but CURIOUS. Staring human eyeballs on medical head-reflectors. Reaches with SPECULUM-FINGERS, hinging open, folding out CHROME SCALPELS--

DIGITAL GURGLE sounds like "WON'T HURT, WON'T HURT."

SCALPEL-HAND GRABS--

FOSTER fires machine-gun-- BLOWS off DOC'S HEAD--

Slithering BiO-MECHANOiD dart up DOC 2'S back, plugging circuits, acting as new "head". DOC'S other fingers open, firing HYPODERMIC SYRINGES, stabbing walls around FOSTER.

She throws down a cabinet, KEEPS FIRING--

141 YANG:

GUNFIRE BLAZING-- DOC 1 BiO-MECHANOiD'S lasers SLICE a table-- YANG BLOWS one of its LEGS off at the knee--

Angered, DOC 1 DARTS OVER the table-- YANG reflexes, but IT'S TOO FAST, ON TOP OF HER-- Knocks her shotgun, PINS HER DOWN--

Laser burns linoleum around her head-- But then...

Lasers TURN OFF.

DOC 1 leans to YANG'S face, opens a facial aperture, extends an ULTRASOUND PROBE. YANG fights, but it's got her head like a vice--

DOC 1 BiO-MECHANOiD SHOVES the PROBE into YANG'S mouth.

142 FOSTER:

Rolls under lab table, dodging hypodermic DARTS-- Ammo getting low. She pivots, KICKS the DOC 2's legs out, crashes it to the floor.

Blows slithering BiO-MECHANOiD off DOC'S shoulder--

OPEN SEASON-- BLOWS away DOC 2's groin-- Massive twitching--

FOSTER rises FIRING--

143 YANG:

Fights DOC 1 BiO-MECHANOiD, but PROBE goes deep in her mouth. Monitor displays ULTRA-SOUND SWEEPS of YANG'S BRAIN, viewed from roof of her mouth-- DIGITAL PURR alters, soaking data--

DOC 1 extends a DOUBLE-PRONGED METAL PROBE-- Eases PRONGS UP YANG'S NOSTRILS.

YANG'S GURGLING SCREAMS-- PRONGS slide deeper--

BLAAAAMMM!!!

DOC 1'S head EXPLODES--

Gun smoking, FOSTER shoves off twitching carcass, helps YANG up. She falls in FOSTER'S arms, trembling. They see: The twitching BiO-MECHANOiD'S monitor glitches an image...

A haunting remote video feed:

Some kind of ASSEMBLY LINE operation. BiO-MECHANOiDS building more BiO-MECHANOiDS. With bone, muscle, steel, microchips. Exponential gain in BiO-MECHANOiD population, newly-minted individuals join in building a VAST STRUCTURE: Looks like THEIR PLANET. But parts of the ship's chopped interior show on the periphery.

FOSTER and YANG: Chilled by the sheer SIZE and SPEED of the operation.

FOSTER
Is that-- On this ship?!

YANG nods, hoping she's wrong.

Glitch. Another image:

<u>SEAN</u>, searching a corridor, flame pulsing. VIEW stays with him from behind, at ceiling level.

FOSTER
Sean-- Turn around!

Of course he can't hear. VIEW stays on SEAN'S heels. Passes a Chinese wall graphic:

YANG
He's in level B-26!

They re-load guns, turn for a final look at the bed--
Shuddering corpse mumbles:

C.J. CORPSE
Precious-- Good boy-oy-oy--
Good-ood-ood-ood--

FOSTER aims-- BLAHAHAHAH! Blows out bedside circuitry--
C.J.'S ravaged corpse falls silent, eyes drift shut.

144 SUB-LEVEL - DARK:

SEAN prowls a tight corridor, FLAME ARM pulsing. Corrosive liquid leaks from above, darkens steel.

VIDEO VIEW: Moving behind SEAN, at ceiling level.

He stops. View stops. SEAN scans 360. Bad feeling. Hears a sound. Moves around a corner, FLAME FIRST--

APIA is collapsed against a wall, clutching his bloody side, delirious.

VIDEO VIEW: Bears down on them--

SEAN throws arm around APIA, helps him up. APIA'S eyes sharpen on SOMETHING--

APIA
Sean!

SEAN spins-- BiO-MECHANOiD leaps from CEILING, RAZOR BLADE TEETH, DENTAL PROBE CLAWS--

SEAN SHOOTS WHITE FLAME--

BiO-MECHANOiD SHRIEKS, hits wall in flaming mass--

SEAN hobbles APIA away.

APIA
I can keep goin', man, gimme a
gun, man... Gimme a--

SEAN
Take it easy, buddy, we'll get
you topside...

SEAN pumps flame-thrower, pressing thru the dark maze of corridors, toward a stairway. They are stopped by:

VOICE
Sean Boy...

The VOICE comes thru pounding steel and digital wail:

VOICE
...I got everything under control...

SEAN
Boss?

CAPT POWELL (O.S.)
Victory has a way of making bygones into bygones, don't it? How 'bout you and me split a bottle, discuss the future.

He whistles the Cajun victory jig.

APIA gets a second wind. He and SEAN follow the whistle thru a chopped wall, down a stairway.

SEAN lowers the FLAME THROWER ARM, pushes aside a tattered curtain of blood-stained polyethylene, arriving at a brightly lighted doorway.

SEAN and APIA step inside:

145 RUDDER CONTROL ROOM:

Clean, computer-lined. Huge gears turning beyond glass.

At the far end: CAPTAIN POWELL leans casually on the navigation computer, a flask of Chinese liquor hanging in his hand. He smiles.

CAPT POWELL
Fellas... Good to see you. Come on in. Our troubles are over.

SEAN helps APIA step closer. Stop six feet short.

SEAN
Apia needs a doctor, he's bleeding bad.

CAPT POWELL
And he'll get the best. Here, Sean Boy, have a snort. Let's you and me bury the hachet.

POWELL offers the flask. Smiles.

146 SUB-LEVEL CORRIDOR:

FOSTER and YANG creep thru darkness, find the DIGITAL STUN GUN flung in a heap of junk. They pick it up, moving to the doorway.

They flatten against the wall outside the door, listening to the VOICES inside:

147 RUDDER CONTROL ROOM:

SEAN
Deal of a lifetime?

CAPT POWELL
Leave it to the old man, Sean. I'm back in the saddle, got it all worked out. Slight change of course is all. What a difference a few degrees make. Forget Pago Pago, we're steaming full ahead to a new port, heading for riches beyond a mere bounty, beyond the mortal imagination... The finest food, the most sensual women... Sean, we are about to share in the spoils of a <u>global</u> conquest. All we gotta do is get this ship safe and sound to Ipigenia Island...

Computer map blinks: Ship's course nears the Tiny Island.

148 CORRIDOR:

YANG and FOSTER share alarm, whispering:

YANG
<u>Ipigenia Island</u>!

149 RUDDER CONTROL ROOM:

CAPT POWELL
(checks watch)
By my reckoning, we'll be there inside twenty-five minutes.

SEAN
What about Foster and Yang?

CAPT POWELL
Oh, hell Sean, you know me. I'm nothing if not forgiving.
(more...)

CAPT POWELL (Cont'd)
There's plenty in this for
everybody.

But we see what SEAN has already seen: The liquor in the flask is alive with TWITCHING PURPLE TECHNO-PROTOZOA. Like robotic mosquito larvae, itching to be swallowed.

POWELL'S eyes stay on SEAN'S, smile frozen.

SEAN reaches for the flask... Instead GRABS POWELL'S WRIST and YANKS HARD, PULLING him away from the computers.

CABLES TRAIL OUT OF POWELL'S BACK: A SNAKE of viscera-smeared blinking FIBER-OPTICS, wired into the wall--

POWELLOiD straightens, SAME SMILE, EYES BULGING on SEAN--

POWELLOiD
Not.

POWELLOiD PUNCHES SEAN-- ROBOTIC HAMMER-BLOW-- KICKS APIA AWAY-- HANDS CLAMP the FLAME THROWER ARM, wrestling SEAN for it--

Turning it AT SEAN'S FACE-- FLAME PULSING WHITE--

POWELLOiD LAUGHS in SEAN'S FACE, muscling to FLAME it to bacon-- CACKLE becomes DIGITAL WAIL--

FOSTER and YANG hinge in the door, TRIGGER DIGITAL STUN GUN, adjust wave-form WAIL--

CLASHES with POWELLOiD WAIL--

POWELLOiD SHUDDERS-- SEIZES-- SEAN flings him off, DRILLS FLAME INTO---

POWELLOiD'S GAPING MOUTH, out the BACK of his NECK. SEAN cuts FLAME DOWNWARD, CABLE vaporizes out the back--

FOSTER and YANG open fire--

POWELLOiD flails on auto-power, CRASHES GLASS-- Tumbles into HUGE GEARS-- GRINDS him to SPARKING BiO-MECH HAMBURGER--

ENTIRE ROOM SHUDDERS with DIGITAL WAIL-- An ALIEN BEEHIVE--

EQUIPMENT OPENS ALL AROUND THEM-- SQUIRMING BiO-MECHANiCS circuitry REACHES APPENDAGES--

FOSTER and YANG trigger STUN GUN-- ROOM'S WAIL OVERWHELMS--

STUN GUN circuits SPARK and DISINTEGRATE-- SOUND DIES--

Corridor comes ALIVE with SPARKS-- SAWS CUT STEEL from outside every wall and floor--

FOSTER
SEAN!!

FOSTER chucks STUN GUN, blows off her last ammo, backing out with YANG-- SEAN grabs up APIA as floor pieces drop out--

RUDDER ROOM and CORRIDOR dismantle around them-- FLOORS, WALLS and CEILING "parts" chopped by BiO-MECHANOiDS, revealing a stomach-dropping sight--

The entire CENTER THIRD of the ship's interior walls and floors have been COMPLETELY REMOVED, leaving a YAWNING HUGE CAVERN.

RISING in the center is the towering BiO-MECHANOiD STRUCTURE. BiO-MECHANOiDS climb on it, thru it, merge with it, expand it. Install steel ARMOR scales.

SEAN SPRAYS FLAME in all directions--

Floor drops-- APIA slips, grabs a beam, dangles over ANGRY BiO-MECHANOiDS.

FOSTER and YANG grab SEAN, pull him to a foothold.

APIA DANGLES, near death, makes eye contact with SEAN--

SEAN tosses the FLAME GUN ARM-- APIA snags it--

APIA
RUN!

He slips, falls into the BiO-MECHANOiDS-- Pivots heroically, SPEWING WHITE FLAME, melting BiO-MECHANOiDS in all directions. But MORE climb to take their place.

FOSTER and YANG wrestle SEAN away, forcing him down a dark corridor, as the DIGITAL FRENZY DEAFENS-- The last thing they see:

APIA -- HERO IN THE HELL PIT -- SHOOTS FLAME until the gas bottle is empty-- Then swings with his fists, as BiO-MECHANOiDS move to engulf him.

150 INT. CHAIN LOCKER - STORMY NIGHT.

Inside the ship's bow point: Rusty triangle cave full of giant chain links, swayed by the storm.

FOSTER and YANG drag SEAN in a hatch, taking refuge in the darkness. Above, storm sprays in hawse-pipes, splashing down twin anchor chains.

They are in shock. YANG clutches her blood-soaked leg bandages.

YANG
They're headed for Ipigenia Island.

SEAN
What the hell is that?

FOSTER
The Pacific Data Link Station.

YANG
Sixty-two satellite dishes, access to every com channel on Earth.

FOSTER
If so much as one of the virus creatures reaches Ipigenia alive, they can spread their code into computers around the world.

SEAN
We got no ammo, no radio-- We got no way to stop it.

FOSTER
There's tons of diesel fuel in the tanks. We can make a fuel bomb, blow it up.

SEAN
Did you see how big it is?! You'd have to blow up the whole ship.

FOSTER
That's what I mean. You mix diesel fuel with nitrates? Right?

SEAN
Are you insane--?!

YANG
You can use phosphates too, can't you? There's phosphate detergent in the laundry.

FOSTER
Come on, Sean! You used to make a living at this kind of stuff.

SEAN
I never bombed anybody. But I know what it takes, and I know why we can't do it. Say we flood the bilge with diesel, add phosphate, rig a detonator, make the whole ship into one big bomb. Then what? The blast would fry everything, <u>including us</u>. There's nowhere to get clear. We can't swim. If the storm doesn't finish us, the sharks will.

YANG
How do we drain the diesel fuel into the bilge compartment?

SEAN
<u>Forget it</u>! I'm not blowing myself up!

FOSTER rises to face SEAN. Pelted by storm drizzling off chains--

FOSTER
What's your plan, Sean? Wait 'til we hit land and slip off the stern?? How <u>you</u> gonna get clear?! Where you gonna hide when those things take over every corner of the Earth?

Cold looks among them. Given what they've seen, this seems all too possible.

SEAN
This is bigger than us. Let the military handle it.

FOSTER
By then it'll be too late. Sean... You killed somebody once. Maybe more than once. You say you're not that guy anymore? Here's your chance to save billions of innocent people.

SEAN'S eyes fix on FOSTER: An infuriating angel, nagging his conscience.

There's a new SOUND from above. Fwap-fwap-fwap... A FLASH OF SEARCHBEAM thru the anchor chain holes.

YANG
Helicopter.

FOSTER reacts, climbs up the huge chain links.

151 EXT. MAIN DECK / BOW - STORMY NIGHT.

FOSTER squeezes past chain, helps YANG and SEAN on-deck. Drenched by storm, they see: A HELICOPTER circles to the stern heli-pad.

YANG
It's my Navy!

FOSTER
They can call in air power!

They scramble over the jagged, rain-slashed deck. Stop midway as:

BRIDGE sparks and DROPS AWAY chunk-at-a-time. The steel-scaled BiO-MECHANOiD STRUCTURE SWELLS from below.

FOSTER, YANG and SEAN skirt it, staying low, racing for the stern.

152 STERN DECK:

RITCHIE maniacally blows his dinghy full, plugs the nozzle, gathers oars, poised to jump in the raging sea.

RITCHIE
One... Two... Two and a half...

HELICOPTER BEAM wobbles from above.

RITCHIE turns. Sees it. First disappointed, then jubilant:

RITCHIE
<u>HERE</u>! HERE I AM!!

153 HELI-PAD:

Tossed by storm, CHINESE HELICOPTER lands hard.

Two CHINESE PILOTS see SPARKING, SWELLING MIDSECTION of ship, chattering Chinese on their radios.

DOOR RIPS open behind them.

RITCHIE
Boy, am I glad to see you!

SVENSON RIPS OPEN opposite door, puts TWO PISTOLS at PILOT'S heads.

SVENSON
MOVE! TAKE OFF! GO!!!

PILOTS chatter, pull their OWN WEAPONS--

VOLLEY of GUNFIRE-- BOTH PILOTS SHOT in the head-- Stray bullets BLAST OUT windshield, RADIOS-- RITCHIE dives away--

SVENSON throws DYING PILOTS out, gets into pilot's seat.

Racing past PILOT BODIES: SEAN, FOSTER and YANG. SEAN jumps in chopper, wrestles SVENSON'S pistols away.

RITCHIE
He shot the pilots!!

SVENSON
I know how to fly this chopper. None of you do. Kill me, you all die!

YANG checks for pulse on PILOTS, finds none. Sees the chopper radar screen: Closing on Ipigenia Island.

YANG
We're twelve kilometers from Ipigenia!

FOSTER
Call in a bombing run!

YANG grabs radio mic, but unit is trashed by gunfire.

Ship's mid-section rises higher, DIGITAL SCREAM building, BiO-MECHANOiDS emerging onto main deck. SEAN lays a pistol at SVENSON'S head.

SEAN
Get us OUT OF HERE!

SVENSON revs the engines. RITCHIE loads eagerly in the back, hugging his life vest.

FOSTER turns to see: YANG backing away.

YANG
It is my debt. I will detonate the fuel bomb. Go.

FOSTER
Yang--

YANG disappears down the steps.

FOSTER moves to follow, SEAN snags her arm. Rain splattered faces...

SEAN
Foster, get in...

FOSTER
Circle the ship. If we're not back in ten minutes, move away fast. How do we drain the diesel fuel into the bilge?

SEAN
You don't know what you're doing! You'll end up dead, or like Powell. Get your ass in this helicopter!

FOSTER
This is isn't about saving my ass, Sean.

FOSTER pulls free, hurries after YANG.

SEAN
FOSTER!

But she's gone.

SEAN curses the world, drenched by rain. Pistol trained on SVENSON, he checks his watch.

SVENSON
Fuck 'em. Let's go.

SEAN PUNCHES SVENSON, yanks the throttle back, hands pistol to RITCHIE.

SEAN
If he moves, shoot him in the leg. If he moves again, shoot him in the same leg again.

RITCHIE
Mr. Averil, where are you going?!

SEAN
(to SVENSON)
Leave without us, dick-brain, I blow you out of the sky.

SEAN grabs a helicopter emergency pack, rushes off the heli-pad. RITCHIE'S left to cover SVENSON, pistol trembling.

154 INT. LOWER LEVELS OF SHIP - SCREAMING DARK.

YANG and FOSTER scale down sawn floor holes, into DIGITAL SHRIEKING HELL. Navigate a chopped corridor floor, stepping across scant razor-sharp foot-holds.

Beyond a doorway: A three story drop into the central "pit", filled by TOWERING BiO-MECHANOiD STRUCTURE, lighted by lasers, sparks and flames. BiO-MECHANOiDS cover it, working furiously, while others scour the ship for parts.

FOSTER and YANG duck. A slithering BiO-MECHANOiD crawls past dragging copper wire.

SHADOW MOVES behind them. HAND on SHOULDER--

FOSTER and YANG SEIZE-- It's SEAN, with emergency kit and steely determination.

SEAN
Let's do this fast.

A glance of solidarity among them. YANG leads them down another floor hole.

155 LAUNDRY ROOM:

SEAN, FOSTER and YANG drop to the laundry room, now half chopped away: Beyond, the dizzying view of the CENTRAL BiO-MECHANOiD STRUCTURE.

FOSTER pops drums of detergent, pulls packets. SEAN tastes granules, spits.

SEAN
Phosphate.

YANG
There is a way to the bilge compartment.

She moves debris, opens a drainage grate. A scuzzy SHAFT leads downward, big enough for a human.

SEAN jabs flashlight in mouth, opens emergency kit. Fold-outs out a GRAPPLING HOOK. Attaches hook to a pipe, lowers himself down its CABLE.

SEAN
When I'm clear, throw the phosphate down. All of it.

156 DRAINAGE SHAFT / BILGE:

Muck-encrusted shaft. SEAN slides down cable, lowers past an area of holes, chopped from the shaft itself. Thru holes he glimpses:

BiO-MECHANOiDS chop parts nearby.

He slides further down, unseen, descending into:

157 BILGE COMPARTMENT:

Low rusty dungeon, the length of the ship, interrupted by perforated structural "ribs".

SEAN sloshes black puddles, swinging light, popping thru ribs holes. Locates bottoms of two HUGE TANKS.

Light hits: Round drainage panels, a perimeter of bolts. Etched: "DANGER - FUEL" icons.

He pulls a wrench, lays into the bolts.

Skitter-splash: Detergent packets drop down the drainage shaft behind him, piling up.

158 LAUNDRY:

YANG and FOSTER fire packets down the shaft, roll another drum into position. They duck:

A BiO-MECHANOiD passes in the corridor. Stops, cuts parts from a wall.

FOSTER and YANG stay low, dropping more packets.

FOSTER
I'll go rig the detonator.

YANG
When I'm finished I will come help you.

FOSTER grips the cable, lowers herself into:

159 DRAINAGE SHAFT:

FOSTER glides past the chopped area, avoiding detection by toiling BiO-MECHANOiDS.

160 BILGE:

FOSTER drops in, lugs detergent packets. SEAN'S got the tank plate loose: Diesel fuel sprays around the seal.

FOSTER
Where do these go?

SEAN
Spread it out.

She pulls a knife from her utility vest, slices, spills detergent. Mixes with spilling diesel, swirling reactive mixture.

FOSTER
What are the odds this will combust?

SEAN
You really want to know? Light a match.

He swings the plate full open. DIESEL FUEL GUSHES, pooling on the curved floor. He grabs the detergent packs from FOSTER.

SEAN
Detonator. Go.

FOSTER sloshes thru the noxious mixture. Unscrews top off a flashlight, tapes it high on a beam. Pops out the switch, bends the contacts.

161 EXT. HELI-PAD - STORMY NIGHT.

RITCHIE'S pistol jitters, aimed at SVENSON'S leg.

SVENSON
We could leave right now. Just you and me. I can get you laid in Tahiti.

RITCHIE licks his lips. Brow creases.

RITCHIE
You're full of crap... Nobody can get me laid.

SVENSON MAKES MOVE-- RITCHIE FIRES-- Hits SVENSON'S leg--

SVENSON
ARRGHH! Little shit--

SWELLING DIGITAL ROAR turns them both: Ship's mid deck swells HIGHER: SPARKING ARMORED STRUCTURE.

BiO-MECHANOiDS emerge on deck around it.

SIX BiO-MECHANOiD SPOT the CHOPPER-- DART TOWARD IT.

RITCHIE: BUG-EYED. SVENSON revs BLADES.

RITCHIE
NO! YES! NO! YES!

SVENSON shoves the stick, fights LEG PAIN-- CHOPPER takes off, CANTING wildly--

RITCHIE TUMBLES out, hits heli-pad, nearly decapitated by WHIRRING BLADES. CHOPPER veers off stern--

RITCHIE comes up, spins to see:

SIX BiO-MECHANOiDS DART onto the forward rail, STARING NASTY, STRAIGHT AT HIM.

RITCHIE raises his hands, drops the pistol.

RITCHIE
Guys... I just answered a classified ad! I'm not <u>with</u> these people!

BiO-MECHANOiDS glower. APPENDAGES RISE--

CHOPPER veers back over ship, BUZZING SIX BiO-MECHANOiDS.

BiO-MECHANOiDS LEAP, CLING to CHOPPER skids.

162 MAIN DECK / CHOPPER:

SVENSON regains control, smirks, pulls up nose, glides over ragged antenna stub. Smiles sours as:

BiO-MECHANOiDS climb up all sides of CHOPPER CAB, SMASHING, CLAWING, SAWING--

ONE NASTY BiO-MECHANOiD crawls in next to SVENSON, unfolds built-in Chinese CEREMONIAL SWORD from its abdomen, raises it for the kill...

SVENSON
Should have kept the sword.

SLASH-- SVENSON'S head SPLITS like a melon--

CHOPPER SLAMS the DECK and EXPLODES.

163 HELI-PAD / STERN DECK:

RITCHIE sees CHOPPER FIREBALL, WHIMPERING--

Then hears something oddly familiar:

Dog yapping. CHIHUAHUA yapping.

But it resounds with DIGITAL SCREAM.

CHIHUAHUA bounds up the stairs -- snarls at RITCHIE -- sporting major BiO-MECHANOiD alteration. Beefy metal and fiber-optic hyper-muscle legs, steak knife incisors. Human eyeballs, beadier than ever. A former-runt CHIHUAHUA, now pumped to take on pit bulls.

The CHiHUAWOiD... Springs for RITCHIE'S throat.

RITCHIE
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...

Scream is continuous, as he dodges flying CHiHUAWOiD, bounds down steps five at time--

CHiHUAWOiD snarfles after him, DIGITAL YAPPING--

RITCHIE grabs his inflated DINGHY and OARS and JUMPS off the stern, dropping FIFTY FEET into:

164 RAGING SEA OFF STERN - STORMY NIGHT.

RITCHIE SMACKS the water HARD and rows like a lunatic - - still screaming his lungs out -- swept off into the crashing storm.

Deck above: CHiHUAWOiD SNARLS, JUMPS in after him.

165 INT. BILGE COMPARTMENT - DARK HELL.

Diesel fuel waist-deep and rising. Noxious mist swirling--

FOSTER coughs fumes: Plugs two tiny wires in her digital watch multi-pin socket. Rigs to the flashlight switch. With pliers, she carefully cracks the flashlight bulb, keeping tiny filament intact.

SEAN dumps detergent, staying close.

FOSTER
Ten minutes enough?

SEAN
Set it for five.

She sets stopwatch for "7 MINUTES". SEAN synchronizes his banged-up analog dive watch.

166 LAUNDRY / CORRIDOR:

YANG drops last packets in the drain, rising to a JOLT:

BiO-MECHANOiD is COMING RIGHT AT HER, SAW SPINNING.

YANG dodges. SAW SCREAMS into wall, SPARKING HELL.

YANG scrambles, glancing at the open drain, the cable trailing into it. Taunts the BiO-MECHANOiD, drawing attention away.

Behind her comes another BiO-MECHANOiD-- Grabs her shoulder with wrench hand-- She slips free as it TIGHTENS--

RUNS into corridor-- But SLIPS THROUGH a SAWN FLOOR HOLE--

JAGGED STEEL EDGE slices her back-- Snags her jacket--

BiO-MECHANOiDS come at her from above. Below, a twenty foot drop thru chopped steel hell.

YANG tugs her jacket, takes her chances with the drop--
Jacket rips more-- Still snagged-- BiO-MECHANOiDS REACHING--

Jacket rips-- YANG PLUMMETS.

167 BILGE COMPARTMENT:

FOSTER wedges the slug off a bullet, dumps gunpowder in the flashlight reflector, against the exposed filament.

FOSTER
Ready?

SEAN
Do it.

FOSTER pushes "START". Digital watch countdown begins: "6:59... 6:58..."

They slosh to the drainage shaft.

SEAN pulls the cable. Grappling hook tumbles down.

FOSTER
Yang??

They peer up the shaft.

Oh shit.

BiO-MECHANOiDS are PEERING DOWN. Start SAWING into shaft.

SPARKS RAIN DOWN.

FOSTER rips off her UTILITY VEST, JAMS it up into the shaft, blocking the SPARKS from hitting the fuel bomb mixture.

FOSTER and SEAN trade a desperate look, chest-high in explosive goo.

SEAN
Follow quick--

He grabs the cable and hook, leads FOSTER thru rising bomb swamp-- Wading to a dark corner, he points his light up ANOTHER SHAFT. He coils the cable, flings the hook UP.

168 KITCHEN / TOP OF SHAFT:

GRAPPLING HOOK bobbles up shaft, lands by a loose drain grate.

HOOK rolls, tumbles down--

169 BILGE:

DIGITAL WATCH: "5:46... 5:45..."

SEAN coils cable again, TOSSES--

HOOK snags the grate--

FOSTER grabs with slippery diesel hands. Goes up the cable first. Takes all she's got--

SEAN checks his watch, climbs after her.

170 KITCHEN / GALLEY:

Up the shaft drain FOSTER emerges, black-green with diesel mix. She helps SEAN up, he gathers the cable.

FOSTER
Where's Yang??

No sign of her--

SEAN
Topside. Now.

They bolt across galley, skirt a MISSING WALL-- Dart past clear view of RISING BiO-MECHANOiD STRUCTURE.

BiO-MECHANOiDS SCREAM a DIGITAL ALERT, PROWL into the GALLEY--

FOSTER and SEAN charge up a chopped-apart stairway--

171 EXT. MAIN DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

FOSTER and SEAN jump out chopped deck, blasted by wind and rain-- Appalled to see:

BiO-MECHANOiD STRUCTURE, RISING mid-ship, UNFOLDING into an OMINOUS MEGA BiO-MECHANOiD. Its "muscles" are chains of standard-sized BiO-MECHANOiDS, joined in strands, expanding and contracting in perfect coordination. Entire HUGE BODY is armored with steel plate "scales", each etched with concentric digital code patterns.

Its EYES are two HUGE TELESCOPES, its DIGITAL HOWL like THUNDER.

FOSTER touches her TA CHUANG amulet, scanning the chaos.

FOSTER
Yang?!...

She is nowhere to be found.

SEAN maneuvers them around the RISING MEGA-BiO-MECHANOiD. Come upon the smoldering remains of the HELICOPTER.

FOSTER
The chopper!

They share a desperate look. Storm lashing their faces. Surrounded by RAGING SEA. SEAN checks his watch.

SEAN
A minute and a half.

172 INT. BILGE COMPARTMENT - DARK HELL:

Digital watch: "1:28... 1:27..."

Diesel mixture rising, vapors wisping the exposed detonator filament.

173 DRAIN SHAFT:

Raining with sparks. Slithering BiO-MECHANOiD crawls down to investigate. Comes to Foster's UTILITY VEST, which blocks the shaft. BiO-MECHANOiD extends probes around the edge of the VEST. Its monitor displays vapor analysis data: "HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE".

DIGITAL HOWL CHANGES. BiO-MECHANOiDS above respond, stop sawing. Sparks halt and fizzle.

Slithering BiO-MECHANOiD removes UTILITY VEST, crawls down into bilge compartment.

174 EXT. MAIN DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

MEGA-ViROiD'S TELESCOPE EYES swing onto SEAN and FOSTER as they are slammed by a ondeck WAVE.

FOSTER
YANG?!...

The sound of a HUMAN SCREEEEEEEAM turns them:

WAVE washes the <u>DINGHY</u> back on deck -- RITCHIE still paddling like crazy -- STILL SCREAMING.

Wave leaves DINGHY on deck. RITCHIE keeps paddling, finally stops screaming. Double-takes, seeing SHIP-- Looks around at the deck--

Looks STRAIGHT UP--

He has landed DIRECTLY BENEATH the MEGA-BiO-MECHANOiD--

RITCHIE
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

HUGE BiO-MECHANOiD APPENDAGE LASHES DOWN-- SNATCHES RITCHIE out of the DINGHY-- Retracts him upward thru a metal-bladed abdominal aperture--

Aperture SHUTS.

Screaming abruptly stops.

FOSTER and SEAN, stunned, time running out, scramble to recover the DINGHY, as a WAVE sweeps it astern.

Out of nowhere, YANG appears, corralling the DINGHY, signalling for FOSTER and SEAN to hurry.

FOSTER
YANG!!

They RUN to JOIN her--

But SEAN stops-- Turns back, seeing:

MEGA-BiO-MECHANOiD towering above mid-ship... SHEDS armor scales, folds upon itself like a piece of bio-mechanical origami... "Head" and "chest" open, giving birth to:

Highly refined VULTURE-LIKE VIRUS CREATURE, made of all the finest wires, struts and muscles, wings made of fused HUMAN SKINS.

LIGHTNING RAKES the sky as--

VULTROiD spreads MAMMOTH WINGS, opens a metal-and-bone BEAK, releasing a victorious DIGITAL SQUAWK.

STORM WIND catches under its wings, giving LIFT.

SEAN checks his watch: 30 seconds.

SEAN
GO!

He splits from FOSTER and YANG, with CABLE and GRAPPLING HOOK, climbing the base of mid-ship antenna tower stub, directly behind the VULTROiD.

YANG urges FOSTER to the DINGHY, but she won't leave.

FOSTER
SEAN!

He's halfway up the tower-- Even from this far away, there's an instant of eye contact with FOSTER:

SEAN
GO GODDAMNIT!!!

He climbs more, poises with the grappling hook-- Has to get higher--

BiO-MECHANOiDS appear on deck, FLAME-THROWER-ARMS swinging WHITE HOT FLAME--

FOSTER MOVES to attract them away from SEAN.

BiO-MECHANOiDS turn on FOSTER and YANG-- WHITE FLAMES SEARING THRU STEEL PLATE WALLS-- MOLTEN METAL SPITTING at:

YANG and FOSTER, as they tug the DINGHY to the rail and--

175 THRASHING SEA / WAN XUAN:

JUMP overboard with the DINGHY, CRASHING onto a WAVE, swept away. They climb into the meager craft, as the GIGANTIC WAN XUAN chugs away--

FOSTER sees, alarmed: Up ahead, the STORM parts to reveal:

Directly in the path of the WAN XUAN, a TWINKLING HARBOR TOWN-- VERY CLOSE NOW--

WAN XUAN is only moments away from its target.

FOSTER
Oh my God.

We see VIDEO VIEWS of the VULTROiD'S TELESCOPE EYE P.O.V. Zooming onto a HARBOR TOWN, panning to find: A SATELLITE DISH COMPOUND on a coastal cliff.

DOZENS of COMMUNICATIONS DISHES aimed at the sky.

VULTOiD'S database screen read-out: IPIGENIA SATELLITE RELAY STATION -- 89,056 TRANS-PACIFIC COMMUNICATION CIRCUITS.

176 MAIN DECK:

VULTROiD'S DIGITAL SQUAWK RISES with anticipation. WINGS come fully spread.

It begins to RISE OFF THE SHIP.

BiO-MECHANOiDS spot SEAN on top the tower stub. They instantly CRAWL UP FAST, WHITE FLAMES SPIKES SHOOTING ten-foot ahead of them--

SEAN lashes his cable to a stout pipe, winds up and FLINGS the GRAPPLING HOOK at the VULTROiD.

CABLE WHIPS around a VULTROiD FOOT, SNAGGING bio-mechanics.

VULTROiD JERKS DOWN-- FALTERS-- FLAPS--

SQUAWKS nasty. PECKS at the CABLE--

BiO-MECHANOiDS close in FAST on SEAN, coming up all sides of the tower.

177 INT. BILGE COMPARTMENT - HELL DARK.

Digital watch: "0:05... 0:04..."

Slithering BiO-MECHANOiD FINDS the detonator, crawling toward it, reaching SNIPPER HAND to CUT the WIRES--

A millisecond too late.

The watch hits "0:00".

Bingo.

Filament GLOWS. GUNPOWDER IGNITES--

VAPORS FLASH--

PLUME of COMBUSTION RIPS the length of the bilge compartment--

BLINDING HELL--

178 EXT. MAIN DECK - STORMY NIGHT.

SEAN takes a flying LEAP thru BiO-MECHANOiD FLAME SPIKES-- Off the tower-- Arcing toward the side of the ship--

Reaching for the RAGING SEA--

Who could possibly jump that far...

179 THE SEA / HARBOR:

KER-POOOOOOOOOOOWWWWW!

WAN XUAN goes up-- SERIES of SPECTACULAR FIREBALLS, vaporizing the VULTROiD, BiO-MECHANOiDS-- Every piece of matter on the ship-- RISING in a CRUCIBLE--

180 DINGHY ON STORM-TOSSED SEA:

FOSTER and YANG, tossed in the DINGHY, BRIGHT FIRELIGHT on their faces--

YANG'S eyes are numb.

FOSTER blinks salt spray, eyes fixed: The ship's hull is a caldron of FLAME, its progress toward the harbor slowing.

There is no sign of SEAN.

181 SPEEDING OUT FROM THE HARBOR:

HARBOR PATROL SPEEDBOAT, searchlight finding the DINGHY. FOSTER and YANG signal.

SPEEDBOAT idles alongside-- Hefty tanned HARBOR OFFICER helps FOSTER and YANG onboard.

FOSTER
Search for another survivor! He might have gone overboard!

HARBOR PILOT speaks Polynesian-lilted English:

HARBOR PILOT
If he is there, Miss, we will find him.

He revs the engine, surges over massive storm waves toward burning WAN XUAN. HARBOR OFFICER brings FOSTER and YANG to a seat under the weather cover, offering blankets.

HARBOR OFFICER
Stay warm. Is better.

FOSTER pulls a blanket around YANG. Looks at her distant eyes. FOSTER remembers something, unclasps the Ta CHUANG AMULET from her neck.

FOSTER
It worked... Thank you.

She opens YANG'S hand, lays the amulet in it.

YANG'S eyes fix on AMULET. Blank. Doesn't mean a thing to her. AMULET slips thru her fingers. FOSTER picks it off the deck, concerned.

FOSTER
Did you hit your head?

YANG wobbles her head "no".

FOSTER realizes: YANG'S eyes are fixed on the MARINE RADIO next to the HARBOR PILOT.

YANG RISES, drops off the blanket, moves for the RADIO.

FOSTER catches YANG by the arm.

FOSTER
Yang.

A slow-motion dawn of horror, as YANG'S face turns to see FOSTER... Eyes cold... Mouth dropping open...

DIGITAL GROWL welling up her throat...

FOSTER RIPS OPEN YANG'S jacket. Her entire TORSO is a mass of REFINED BiO-MECHANOiD CONSTRUCTION.

YANGOiD turns an automatic smile on FOSTER, like: "Can't we still be friends?"

FOSTER hesitates for a beat, then summons every fiber of strength, THROWS YANGOiD aside, DIVES at the RADIO and RIPS out cables.

YANGOiD ERUPTS-- SLAMS FOSTER across the deck--

HARBOR OFFICER, caught off-guard, jumps in to break it up.

YANGOiD'S hand comes up, wrist snaps toward her, cutting her hand-heel-- A SHARP KNIFE is fused to the bone underneath.

SLASHES the HARBOR OFFICER'S throat-- Chucks him overboard--

HARBOR PILOT pulls his PISTOL.

BLAM-- Blows off YANGOiD'S CHEEK, revealing FIBER OPTICS and METAL underneath-- DIGITAL GROWL GETS NASTY--

SLASH-- YANGOiD cuts HARBOR PILOT'S chest open-- Pitches him overboard-- Pistol skates in hands of:

FOSTER--

YANGOiD CUTS OFF its own damaged face, extends a nasty razor-snouted BiO-MECHANOiD HEAD. It's not Yang at all. It's Yang's parasitic murderer.

ViROiD'S MOUTH OPENS -- FULL DIGITAL SCREAM at FOSTER-- Bares exacto-blade teeth.

Boat pitching wildly-- FOSTER FIRES-- No effect-- Empties her rounds into the RADIO-- Trashes it.

ViROiD ATTACKS FOSTER, SLICES defending HANDS, tumbles her off the stern, into RAGING SEA.

ViROiD goes to the wheel, REVS the engine--

ViROiD'S video view thru storm: The FUEL TANK FARM onshore... Panning to fix on: The SATELLITE DISH COMPOUND--

In the water: FOSTER snags a stern line and HOLDS IT-- SPEED BOAT RACES TOWARD satellite dish compound--

FOSTER pulls herself on the rope, inch-by-inch. Slips-- Recovers-- Hand on the stern board.

Pulls herself onboard-- Fights slamming boat-- Sees shore approaching: SATELLITE DISHES next to FUEL TANK FARM--

FOSTER sees: TA CHUANG AMULET slung over a HEAVY BOAT ANCHOR.

She grabs BOTH.

SLAM! Anchor crashes ViROiD'S head. Thing spins to FOSTER.

Grabs her head, ready to SLICE FACE--

KLUNK! FOSTER brings anchor straight up, pounding ViROiD'S snout. ViROiD crashes cabin door.

FOSTER swings anchor like a MACE, SLAMMING ViROiD'S neck, DIGS POINT deep into circuitry. ViROiD TWITCHES, CRASHES into forward cabin, struggling to pull it out--

FOSTER sees: BOAT SPEEDS at a sloped concrete breakwater-- Directly beyond: FUEL TANK FARM. She lashes the steering wheel--

JUMPS overboard--

In cabin: ViROiD gets anchor out, crawls topside, DIGITAL HOWL REGAINING STRENGTH--

Turns to see:

182 BREAKWATER - FUEL TANK FARM:

SPEEDBOAT HITS BREAKWATER-- GOES AIRBORNE--

CORKSCREWS straight for: Nice big FUEL STORAGE TANK.

SPEEDBOAT rockets into TANK, PUNCTURES IT--

KA-BOOOOOOMMM! A final INFERNO...

FIRE BILLOWS into night sky, as the DIGITAL SCREAM echoes and dies, leaving the quiet rumble of the receding storm...

Orange firelight becomes the first light of dawn...

183 EXT. HARBOR / BEACH - CRACK OF DAWN:

A pink glowing horizon... The first hint of day, reflected in FOSTER'S glassy eyes.

She sits huddled in a blanket, head and arms bandaged, face cleaned up. The TA CHUANG AMULET dangles off her fingers. Behind her, emergency vehicles line the breakwater.

FOSTER is watching the sea: In the distance, the smoldering remains of the WAN XUAN have lodged on a reef, half-sunken. Dozens of small boats surround it, others search nearby. The storm has passed, but the sea is choppy and gray.

FOSTER sees something, rising. She sheds the blanket, moving down the beach.

Thru crashing waves bobs a piece of flotsam, drifting ashore. As it moves closer, we see:

It is SEAN.

Barely alive, swimming with one good arm and leg, he is washed ashore by a wave.

FOSTER hurries into the surf, finds him shivering, exhausted, pocked with burns.

He looks up, brightens when he sees her face. She helps him to his feet and, without a word:

She rips his shirt open and examines his chest. He isn't sure what this is about, but he goes with it.

Satisfied he's still human, she looks at his eyes.

FOSTER
I gave up on you an hour ago.

SEAN
You and me both.

SEAN
Yang?

FOSTER lowers her eyes, clutching the amulet.

FOSTER
Sean...

SEAN
Foster.

She looks in his eyes.

FOSTER
I saw what you did... I guess
I was wrong about you.

He smiles. It's the first time.

SEAN
I'll never let you forget it.

Together they walk, wounded but arm-in-arm, up the beach, as Police and Local Officials hurry to meet them.

184 EXT. ANOTHER SEASHORE, ANOTHER DAY:

Tropical, uninhabited island...

A PACK of SCRAPPY WILD DOGS snarl and snap on a muddy seashore. They come upon a set of FRESH DOG FOOTPRINTS, leading out of the surf and over a dune.

Territorial GROWLING and SNIFFING, as WILD DOGS race over the dune to kill the invader.

But after they are out of sight, a LOUD DOG FIGHT erupts... Quickly turns to PAINED YIPPING as one-by-one the WILD DOGS fall silent.

Moments later, victorious PANTING, as the CHiHUAWOiD gallops onto the dune summit, mouth dripping blood, its HUMAN EYEBALLS surveying the new territory.

Perching high on BiO-MECHANOiD legs, raising its metal snout to the sky, fiber optics blinking...

It unleashes a DIGITAL HOWL to the heavens.

THE END

Glossary of
ViRUS FORMS

PURE DIGITAL CODE:

- Travels thru outer space as radio pulses
- Sounds like a fax-modem from HELL.
- Harbors itself in Wan Xuan computers
- Decompresses, learns systems, takes control.
- Attempts to manifest itself as:

HOLOGRAPHIC INSECTOID:

- Computer-controlled lasers bring ViRUS into three-dimensional, lethal form.
- Thwarted at this, computer-bound ViRUS uses robotic machine-shop tools to build ITSELF into:

ARTHROPOIDS:

- Small robotic insect-like mechanical/electronic creatures, individuals specialized into:
- FUNCTiONOiDS - Pliers for hands, soldering irons for noses.
- SAWZOiDS - Sharp saw-blade hands.
- ViDEOiDS - "Head" is tiny video camera.
- DiGiTOiDS - "Head" is tiny computer monitor.
- ANALYSOiDS - Many probes, database ability.
- KiLLROiDS - Built-in nail guns.
- BATTERoiDS - Carry extra batteries.
- LUXOiDS - Built-in lights.
- ENDOPOiDS - Built-in acid squirt bottles.
- SCORPiOiD - Scorpion-like flame-torch tails.

Ever eager to re-invent themselves, Arthropoids quickly master biological principles, incorporating human and animal "parts" into themselves, evolving into:

HOMINOIDS:

- Biologically crude "missing link" creatures.
- Ape-like, a first stab at integrating electronic/mechanical robotics with human physiology.
- A worthy experiment, but the now-facile **VIRUS** -- hooked on Earthly materials and ways -- constructs itself into:

BIO-MECHANOIDS:

- Bigger, stronger, faster. Specialized functions:
- BIO-SAWZOIDS: Metal-cutting saws as arms.
- BUILDROIDS: The ultimate construction worker.
- DOCTROID: Bio-mechanical Dr. Mengele.
- SURGEROID: Dr. Mengele's Egor.
- SECURITROIDS: Armored bouncers with gas-bottle white-flame torch arm.
- MILLIPOID: Slithering multi-legged gofer.
- ARACHNOIDS: Spider-like, able to crawl on ceilings.
- FIXOIDS: Small, busy fine-work "handy-men" obsessively repair and augment other units.

BiO-MECHANOiDS work feverishly to construct a huge Trojan-horse-like **MEGA BiO-MECHANOiD**, for establishing a beach-head. When it's alerted to the ship's pending explosion, it blossoms to reveal a refined flying **VULTROiD**. One way or another, this ViRUS is spreading to shore. The **VULTROiD** is grounded by SEAN, but the ViRUS has an ace up its sleeve:

ViRUS'S ultimate secret weapon: A **VIROID**. Evolved co-option of a living human body. Spy-like, devious. When necessary, the **VIROID** sheds its human costume, revealing an intelligent, bio-mechanically refined, razor-snouted bastard with a will to win.

And of course, the world awaits the return of **CHIHUAWOID**...